

The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the ninth :

containing,

Troilus and Cressida ;
Cymbeline ;
King Lear.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

SHAKESPEARE

T R O I L U S

and

C R E S S I D A.

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P R O L O G U E.

In *Troy*, there lies the scene. From isles of *Greece*
 The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of *Athens* sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the *Athenian* bay
 Put forth toward *Phrygia*: and their vow is made,
 To ransack *Troy*; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd *Helen*, *Menelaus'* queen,
 With wanton *Paris* sleeps, And that's the quarrel.
 To *Tenedos* they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on *Dardan* plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised *Greeks* do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: *Priam's* fix-gated city
 (*Dardan*, and *Thymbria*, *Ilias*, *Chetas*, *Trojan*,
 And *Antenoridas*) with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperrs up the sons of *Troy*.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, *Trojan* and *Greek*,
 Sets all on hazard: And hither am I come,
 A prologue arm'd, — but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument, —
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are,
 Now good, or bad, 'Tis but the chance of war.

Persons represented :

Agamemnon, *the Greek General :*

Menelaus, *his Brother.*

Achilles, *a valiant Grecian :*

Patroclus, *his Favourite :*

Thersites, *a Droll, his Follower.*

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Ajax, and

Diomedes,

} *Grecian Commanders.*

Calchas, *a Priest, and Trojan, following the Grecian Party.*

Servant to Diomed.

Priam, *King of Troy :*

Hector,

Paris,

Troilus,

} *his Sons :*

Helenus, and

Deiphobus,

Margarelon, *bastard Son to Priam.*

Æneas, *a valiant Trojan.*

Pandarus, *Uncle to Cressida.*

Serv. to Cressida; Serv. to Troilus; Serv. to Paris.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *Daughter to Priam.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Soldiers and divers Attendants, Greek and Trojan,

Scene, Troy; and Plains adjoining.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.
Enter TROILUS, arm'd; PANDARUS following.

TRO. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again;
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none.

PAN. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

PAN. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He, that will
have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

TRO. Have I not tarry'd?

PAN. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bould-

TRO. Have I not tarry'd? [ing.

PAN. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

TRO. Still have I tarry'd.

PAN. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word — hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

TRO. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I fit;

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts, — So, traitor! — when she comes, — When is she thence?

PAN. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

TRO. I was about to tell thee, — When my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;

Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PAN. An her hair were not somewhat darker than *Helen's*, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women, — But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, — But, I would, somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit: but —

TRO. O, *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*, —

When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In *Cressid*'s love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
 Handl'st in thy discourse: — O that her hand!
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, in spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of plowman! — this thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say — I love her;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

PAN. I speak no more than truth.

TRO. Thou dost not speak so much.

PAN. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
 is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
 she has the mends in her own hands.

TRO. Good *Pandarus*! Why, how now, *Pandarus*?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought
 on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between
 and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

PAN. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not
 so fair as *Helen*: an she were not kin to me, she would be
 as fair o'friday as *Helen* is on sunday. But what care
 I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one
 to me.

TRO. Say I, she is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a

fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the *Greeks*; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

TRO. *Pandarus*,—

PAN. Not I.

TRO. Sweet *Pandarus*,—

PAN. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. *Alarums heard.*

TRO. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! *Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But *Pandarus*—O, gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chast against all suit.
'Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we?
Her bed is *India*; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Other *Alarums*. Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. How now, prince *Troilus*? wherefore not afield?

TRO. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

ÆNE. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

¹² stubborn, chaf,

TRO. By whom, *Aeneas*?

ÆNE. Troilus, by *Menelaus*.

TRO. Let *Paris* bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [Alarums.

ÆNE. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

TRO. Better at home, if *would I might* were *may*.
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

ÆNE. In all swift haste.

TRO. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA, and Servant.

CRE. Who were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Helen*.

CRE. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. *Hector*, whose patience
Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and strook his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In *Hector*'s wrath.

CRE. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes, this: There is among the *Greeks*
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*;
They call him, *Ajax*.

CRE. Good; And what of him;

Ser. They say, he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

CRE. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing: but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

CRE. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle, and strook him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

CRE. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

CRE. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

PAN. What's that? what's that?

CRE. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

PAN. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, *Alexander*:—How do you, cousin? When were you at *Ilium*?

CRE. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you talking of, when I came? Was

Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up, was she?

CRE. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

PAN. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

CRE. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRE. So he † says here.

PAN. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

CRE. What, is he angry too?

PAN. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

CRE. O *Jupiter*! — there's no comparison.

PAN. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? Do you know a man, if you see him?

CRE. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

PAN. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

CRE. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector*.

PAN. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

CRE. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

PAN. Himself? Alas, poor *Troilus*! I would, he were, —

CRE. So he is.

PAN. —condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

CRE. He is not *Hector*.

PAN. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'Would, a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, *Troilus*, well, — I would, my heart were in her body! No, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

CRE. Excuse me.

PAN. He is elder.

CRE. Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN. Th'other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th'other's come to't. *Hector* shall not have his wit this year:

CRE. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

PAN. Nor his qualities:

CRE. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRE. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

PAN. You have no judgment, niece: *Helen* herself swore th'other day, that *Troilus*, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) — Not brown neither.

CRE. No, but brown.

PAN. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRE. To say the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

CRE. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRE. Then, *Troilus* should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

PAN. I swear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

CRE. Then she's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

PAN. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th'other day into the compass window, — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

CRE. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring

his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

CRE. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

PAN. But, to prove to you that *Helen* loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

CRE. *Juno* have mercy!—How came it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 'tis dimpl'd: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all *Phrygia*.

CRE. O, he smiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRE. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then: But, to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*;— [so.

CRE. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it

PAN. *Troilus*? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRE. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickl'd his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvel's white hand, I must needs confess:

CRE. Without the rack. [his chin:

PAN. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on

CRE. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But, there was such laughing;—Queen *Hecuba* laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er:

CRE. With millstones.

PAN. And *Cassandra* laugh'd:

CRE. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And *Hector* laugh'd:

CRE. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spy'd on *Troilus'* chin.

CRE. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

PAN. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

CRE. What was his answer?

PAN. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

CRE. This is her question.

PAN. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck't out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

CRE. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

PAN. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

CRE. So I do.

PAN. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you — an 'twere a man born in *April*.

CRE. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against *May*. [Retreat heard.]

PAN. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward *Ilium*? good niece, do; sweet niece *Cressida*.

CRE. At your pleasure.

PAN. Here, here, here's an excellent † place ; here we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by ; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

*Flourish. Enter certain Troops, and pass over ;
Æneas with them.*

CRE. Speak not so loud.

PAN. That's † *Æneas* ; Is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you ; But mark *Troilus* ; you shall see anon.

Antenor passes over.

CRE. Who's that ?

PAN. That's † *Antenor* ; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's man good enough : he's one o'th' foundest judgments in *Troy*, whosoever ; and a proper man of person : — When comes *Troilus* ? — I'll shew you *Troilus* anon ; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRE. Will he give you the nod ?

PAN. You shall see.

CRE. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

PAN. That's † *Hector*, that, that, look you, that ; 'There's a fellow ! — Go thy way, *Hector* ; — There's a brave man, niece ; — O brave *Hector* ! — Look how he looks ; there's a countenance ; Is't not a brave man ?

CRE. O, a brave man.

PAN. Is a not ? it does a man's heart good — Look you, what hacks are on his helmet ? look you yonder, do you see ? look you there : There's no jesting : laying on ; take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks.

CRE. Be those with swords ?

PAN. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*:

Paris passes over.

look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now. Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see *Troilus* now!—you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Helenus passes over.

CRE. Who's that?

PAN. That's *Helenus*,—I marvel, where *Troilus* is;—that's *Helenus*;—I think, he went not forth to-day;—that's *Helenus*.

CRE. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

PAN. *Helenus*? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where *Troilus* is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Troilus passes over.

CRE. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

PAN. Where? yonder? that's *Deiphobus*: 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man, niece!—hem!—Brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry!

CRE. Peace, for shame, peace.

PAN. Mark him; note him;—O brave *Troilus*!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth!—he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him; and, I warrant, *Helen*, to change,

would give money to boot.

Other Troops pass over.

CRE. Here come more.

PAN. Asses, fools, dolts ; chaff and bran, chaff and bran, porridge after meat. I could live and die i'the eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look ; the eagles are gone ; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

CRE. There is among the *Greeks*, *Achilles* ; a better man than *Troilus*.

PAN. *Achilles* ? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRE. Well, well.

PAN. Well, well ? Why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?

CRE. Ay, a minc'd man : and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, — for then the man's date's out.

PAN. You are such a woman ! a man knows not at what ward you lye.

CRE. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRE. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past

watching.

PAN. You are such another !

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PAN. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come : [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt, he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

CRE. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRE. To bring, uncle, —

PAN. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

[*Exit.*

CRE. By the same token — you are a bawd. —

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise :

But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,

Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :

That she lov'd knows nought, that knows not this, —

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —

Atchievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech :

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before a Tent.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,

MENELAUS, and Others.

AGA. Princes,

What grief hath set this jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet *Troy* walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbody'd figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
 To find persivive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nes. With due observance of thy godlike feat,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

* these Jaundies 7 diverts 28 v. *Note.*

Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and, anon, behold
The strong-rib'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements
Like *Perseus'* horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger : but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, [rage,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing of cou-
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Uly. *Agamemnon*, —

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, — hear what *Ulysses* speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation,
The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life, —
I give to both your speeches, — which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,

As venerable *Nestor*, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the *Greekish* ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—let it please both,—
Thou great, — and wise, — to hear *Ulysses* speak.

AGA. Speak, prince of *Ithaca* : and we less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

ULR. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected ;
And, look, how many *Grecian* tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not lik'd o'the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, *Sol*,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amid'st the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?

4 yet let 6 and be't of lesse 9 Masticke 17 like the

What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and marry'd calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great *Agamemnon*,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward in a purpose

It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Examp'l'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:
 And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NES. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGA. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
 What is the remedy?

ULR. The great *Achilles*, — whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host, —
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, *Patroclus*,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
 Thy toplefs deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —
 Such to-be-pity'd and o'er-rested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* drop'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fustly stuff,
The large *Achilles*, on his prest'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, *Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.*

*Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroak thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

That's done; as near as the extreamest ends
Of parallels, like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right: *Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.*

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,

And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries, *O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all*

In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals of grace exact,

Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves

As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NES. And in the imitation of these twain

(Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns

With an imperial voice) many are infect.

Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

In such a rein, in full as proud a place

As broad *Achilles*: keeps his tent like him;

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle: and sets *Thersites*

(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

ULR. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Forestal prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts, —
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
 They call this — bed-work mappery, closet war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

NES. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
 Makes many *Thetis'* sons. [Trumpet heard.]

AGA. What trumpet's that? look, *Menelaus*.

MEN. From *Troy*.

Enter *ÆNEAS*.

AGA. What would you 'fore our tent?

ÆNE. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

AGA. Even this.

ÆNE. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

AGA. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm
 Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
 Call *Agamemnon* head and general.

ÆNE. Fair leave, and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

AGA. How ?

ÆNE. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus* :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon* ?

AGA. This *Trojan* scorns us ; or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd.
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, *Jove's* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, *Trojan* ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

AGA. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourself *Æneas* ?

ÆNE. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

AGA. What's your affair, I pray you ?

ÆNE. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears. [*Troy.*

AGA. He hears nought privately, that comes from

ÆNE. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

AGA. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour :

That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

ÆNE. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A prince called *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown ; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouse a *Grecian* that is true in love :
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in *Troy*, when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

AGA. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas* ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets *Hector* ; if none else, I am he.

NES. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
 When *Hector*'s grandfire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But, if there be not in our *Grecian* host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me, —
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn ;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

ÆNE. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

AGA. Amen. —

Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand ;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
 So shall each lord of *Greece*, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt All but Uly. and Nes.*]

ULY. *Nestor*, —

NES. What says *Ulysses* ?

ULY. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NES. What is't ?

[*pride*]

ULY. Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The feeded

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be crop'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

NES. Well, sir, and how?

ULY. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

NES. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, — though, *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough, — will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

ULY. And wake him to the answer, think you?

NES. Yes;

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring those honours off,
If not *Achilles*? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,

He, that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice :
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence, a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ? [meet,

ULR. Give pardon to my speech ;—Therefore 'tis
Achilles meet not *Hector* : Let us, like merchants,
 First shew foul wares, and think perchance they'll sell ;
 If not,

The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worse first. Do not consent,
 That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dog'd with two strange followers.

NES. What are they ?

I see them not with my old eyes ; What are they ?

ULR. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape *Hector* fair : If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The sort to fight with *Hector* : Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man :
 For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.

If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
Ajax employ'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

NES. Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon* : go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other ; Pride alone
 Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Enter THERSITES, AJAX following.

AJA. *Thersites,*—

THE. *Agamemnon*—how if he had biles? full, all over
 generally?

AJA. *Thersites,*—

THE. And those biles did run? Say so, did not the
 general run then? were not that a botchy core?

AJA. Dog,—

THE. Then there would come some matter from him;
 I see none now.

AJA. Thou bitch-wolf's son, can'st thou not hear?
 Feel then. [*striking him.*]

THE. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel
 beef-witted lord!

AJA. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak : I will
 beat thee into handsomeness.

7 Now *Ulysses*, I

THE. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

AJA. Toad-stool, learn me the proclamation.

THE. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

AJA. The proclamation.

THE. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

AJA. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

THE. I would, thou did'st itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in *Greece*.

AJA. I say, the proclamation.

THE. Thou grumbl'st and railest every hour on *Achilles*: and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty; ay, that thou bark'st at him.

AJA. Mistress *Thersites*!

THE. Thou should'st strike him.

AJA. Cob-loaf!

THE. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

AJA. You whorson cur!

[beating him.]

THE. Do, do.

AJA. Thou stool for a witch!

THE. Ay, do, do: Thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain, than I have in mine elbows; an *assinego* may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, Thou thing of no

bowels, thou!

AJA. You dog!

[beating him.

THE. You scurvy lord!

AJA. You cur!

THE. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

ACH. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?—

How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

THE. You see him † there, do you?

ACH. Ay; What's the matter?

THE. Nay, look upon him.

ACH. So I do; What's the matter?

THE. Nay, but regard him well.

ACH. Well, why I do so.

THE. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACH. I know that, fool.

THE. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJA. Therefore I beat thee.

THE. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus † long. I have bob'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I tell you what I say of him:

ACH. What?

THE. I say, this Ajax—

ACH. Nay, good Ajax.

[slaying him.

THE. has not so much wit—

ACH. Nay, I must hold you.

THE. as will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom

he comes to fight.

ACH. Peace, fool!

THE. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

AYA. O thou damn'd cur! I shall —

ACH. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THE. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PAT. Good words, *Thersites*.

ACH. What's the quarrel?

AYA. I had the vile owl, go learn me the tenure of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THE. I serve thee not.

AYA. Well, go to, go to.

THE. I serve here voluntary.

ACH. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

THE. E'en so? a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars: *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; a'were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACH. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

THE. There's *Ulysses* and old *Nestor*, — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfires had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

ACH. What, what?

THE. Yes, good sooth; *To*, Achilles! *to*, Ajax! *to*!

AYA. I shall cut out your tongue

THE. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much wit as thou, afterwards.

PAT. No more words, *Thersites*; peace.

THE. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

ACH. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

THE. I will see you hang'd, like clot-poles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

PAT. A good riddance.

ACH. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our That *Hector*, by the first hour of the sun, [hoist: Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewel,

AYA. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

ACH. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man. [Exeunt ACH. and PAT.]

AYA. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS,

PARIS, and HELENUS.

PRI. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be strook off:—*Hector*, what say you to't?

HEC. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread *Priam*,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
 Than *Hector* is: The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath been as dear as *Helen*; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

TRO. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The vast proportion of his infinite?
 Or buckle-in a waste most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

HEL. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

TRO. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
 You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm:
 Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
 Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
 With this cram'd reason: reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

HEC. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

TRO. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

HEC. But value dwells not in particular will;
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god;
 And the will doats, that is inclinable
 To what infection itself affects,
 Without some image of the affected's merit.

TRO. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;
 My will enkindl'd by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
 We turn not back the filks upon the merchant,
 When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks*:

Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep!
 Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoln;
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

CAS. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

PRI. What noise, what shriek is this?

TRO. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CAS. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*!

HEC. 'Tis *Cassandra*.

Enter CASSANDRA, wildly.

CAS. Cry, *Trojans*, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HEC. Peace, sister, peace.

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkl'd old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can't but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your eyes with tears !
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand ;
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry ! a *Helen*, and a woe :
Cry, cry ! *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go.

[Exit CASSANDRA.]

HEC. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same ?

TRO. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it ;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because *Cassandra's* mad ; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons :
And *Jove* forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain !

PAR. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRI. *Paris*, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

PAR. Sir, I propose not meerly to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up
 On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended ; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where *Helen* is the subject : then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HEC. *Paris*, and *Troilus*, you have both said well ;
 And on the cause and question now in hand

Have glaz'd, but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong ; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband ? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection ;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same ;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory :
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* king, —
As, it is known, she is, — these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,

I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
 For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

HEC. I am yours,
 You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*. —
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits :
 I was advértiz'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Greek Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

THE. How now, *Thersites* ? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction ! 'would, it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me : 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, — a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods ; and, *Mercury*,

lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ach! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers! and devil, envy, say amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

Enter PATROCLUS.

PAT. Who's there? *Thersites*? Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

THE. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blefs thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says — thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

PAT. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

THE. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACH. Who's there?

PAT. *Thersites*, my lord.

ACH. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's *Aga-*

memnon?

THE. Thy commander, *Achilles*; — Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

PAT. Thy lord, *Thersites*; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THE. Thy knower, *Patroclus*; Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

PAT. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

ACH. O, tell, tell.

THE. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*; *Achilles* is my lord; I am *Patroclus*' knower; and *Patroclus* is a fool.

PAT. You rascal!

THE. Peace, fool; I have not done.

ACH. He is a priviledg'd man. — Proceed, *Thersites*.

THE. *Agamemnon* is a fool; *Achilles* is a fool; *Thersites* is a fool; and, as afore said, *Patroclus* is a fool.

ACH. Derive this; come.

THE. *Agamemnon* is a fool, to offer to command *Achilles*; *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*; *Thersites* is a fool, to serve such a fool; and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

PAT. Why am I a fool?

THE. Make that demand of thy creator; it suffices me, thou art. — Look you, who comes here?

*Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

ACH. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with nobody: — Come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.]

THE. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is — a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to

death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all. [Exit.]

AGA. Where is *Achilles*?

PAT. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

AGA. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He sent us messengers; and we lay by. Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

PAT. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.]

ULR. We saw him at the op'ning of his tent, He is not sick.

AYA. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[drawing Agamemnon apart.]

NES. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

ULR. *Achilles* hath inveigl'd his fool from him.

NES. Who? *Thersites*?

ULR. He.

NES. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

ULR. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; *Achilles*.

NES. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

ULR. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

6 sent our Messengers

NES. No *Achilles* with him.

[tefy ;

ULY. The elephant hath joints, but none for cour-
His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

PAT. *Achilles* bids me say — he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him ; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

AGA. Hear you, *Patroclus* ;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues, —
Not virtuously on his own part beheld, —
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say — we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater, [self
Than in the note of judgment : and worthier than him-
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; And add,
That, if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report —
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant : Tell him so.

PAT. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.

[Exit PATROCLUS.]

AGA. In second voice we'll not be satisfy'd,
 We come to speak with him : — *Ulysses*, enter you.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

AYA. What is he more than another ?

AGA. No more than what he thinks he is.

AYA. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself

A better man than I ?

AGA. No question.

AYA. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is ?

AGA. No, noble *Ajax* ; you are as strong, as valiant,
 As wise too, no less noble, much more gentle,
 And altogether more tractable.

AYA. Why should a man be proud ?

How doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

AGA. Your mind's the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
 The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself :
 Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
 Own chronicle ; and whate'er praises itself
 But in the deed, devours the deed i'the praise.

AYA. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engend'ring
 of toads.

NES. “ And yet he loves himself ; Is it not strange ? ”

Re-enter ULYSSES.

ULY. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

AGA. What's his excuse ?

ULY. He doth rely on none ;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self admission.

AGA. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

ULY. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess he is with greatness ;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath : imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself: What should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry — *No recovery*.

AGA. Let *Ajax* go to him. —
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

ULY. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so !
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: Shall the proud lord, —
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam ;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminates himself, — shall he be worship'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
No, this † thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titl'd as *Achilles*' is,

By going to *Achilles*:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This lord go to him ! *Jupiter* forbid ;

And say in thunder — *Achilles*, go to him.

NES. " O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him."

DIO. " And how his silence drinks up this applause !"

AYA. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

AGA. O, no, you shall not go.

AYA. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride : —
Let me go to him.

ULR. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AYA. A paltry insolent fellow, —

NES. " How he describes himself !"

AYA. Can he not be sociable ?

ULR. " The raven chides blackness."

AYA. I'll let his humours blood. [patient.]

AGA. " He will be the physician, that should be the

AYA. An all men were o' my mind, —

ULR. " Wit would be out of fashion.

AYA. he should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first : Shall pride carry it ?

NES. " An 'twould, you'd carry half."

ULR. " He would have ten shares."

AYA. I'll knead him, I will make him supple :

NES. " He's not yet thorough warm : force him with
praises ;"

" Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry."

ULR. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[to Agamemnon.]

NES. Our noble general, do not do so.

DIO. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

ULY. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here † is a man — But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

NES. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

ULY. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AYA. A whorson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
'Would, he were a *Trojan*!

NES. What a vice were it in our *Ajax* now —

ULY. If he were proud?

DIO. Or covetous of praise?

ULY. Ay, or surly born?

DIO. Or strange, or self-affected? [posure;

ULY. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor, lord,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To finewy *Ajax*. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's *Nestor*, —
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —
But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

AGA. Shall I call you father?

ULR. Ay, my good son.

DIO. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

ULR. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general,
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to *Troy*: To-morrow, sirs,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's † a lord, — come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

AGA. Go we to counsel. Let *Achilles* sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter a Servant, and PANDARUS.

PAN. Friend, you! pray you, a word: Do not you
follow the young lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord,

PAN. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must
needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

Ser. 'Faith, sir, superficially. [*darus.*]

PAN. Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pan-*

Ser. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

PAN. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of grace?

PAN. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles: [*Musick within.*] What musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, fir; it is musick in parts.

PAN. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, fir.

PAN. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, fir.

PAN. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, fir, and theirs that love musick,

PAN. Command, I mean, friend?

Ser. Who shall I command, fir?

PAN. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, fir: Marry, fir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible soul,—

PAN. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, fir, *Helen*; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the prince *Troilus*: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Ser. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company; fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be

your fair pillow !

HEL. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. — Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

PAR. You have broke it, cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance : — *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HEL. O, sir, —

PAN. Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude.

PAR. Well said, my lord ! well, you say so in fits.

PAN. I have business to my lord, dear queen : — My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word ?

HEL. Nay, this shall not hedge us out ; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. — But (marry) thus, my lord, — My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother *Troilus* —

HEL. My lord *Pandarus* ; honey-sweet lord, —

PAN. Go to, sweet queen, go to : — commends himself most affectionately to you ; —

HEL. You shall not bob us out of our melody ; If you do, our melancholy upon your head !

PAN. Sweet queen, sweet queen ; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

PAR. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

HEL. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no.

PAN. And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HEL. My lord *Pandarus*, —

PAN. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen? [night?

PAR. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-

HEL. Nay, but my lord, —

PAN. What says my sweet queen? — You must not know where he sups.

PAR. I'll lay my life, with my disposer *Cressida*.

PAN. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

PAR. Well, I'll make excuse.

PAN. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say — *Cressida*? no, your poor disposer's sick.

PAR. I spy —

PAN. You spy! what do you spy? — Come, give me an instrument now, sweet queen.

HEL. Why, this is kindly done.

PAN. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HEL. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

PAN. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain. — My cousin will fall out with you.

HEL. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HEL. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PAN. Ay, you may, you may.

HEL. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

PAN. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins so.

S O N G.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

*For, o, love's bow
shoots buck and doe:
the shaft confounds
not that it wounds,
but tickles still the fore.*

2.

*These lovers cry — Oh, oh, they die!
yet that which seems the wound to kill,
doth turn oh oh to ha ha he;
so dying love lives still:
oh oh a while, but ha ha ha;
oh oh groans out for ha ha ha;*

Hey ho!

HEL. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PAR. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PAN. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, — why, they are vipers; Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a'field to-day?

PAR. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HEL. He hangs the lip at something; — you know

all, my lord *Pandarus*.

PAN. Not I, honey-sweet queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PAR. To a hair.

PAN. Farewel, sweet queen.

HEL. Commend me to your niece.

PAN. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Retreat sounded.*]

PAR. They're come from field: let us to *Priam's* hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of *Greekish* sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great *Hector*.

HEL. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

PAR. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* *Pandarus' Garden.*

Enter a Servant, and PANDARUS, meeting.

PAN. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin *Cressida's*?

Ser. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

PAN. O, here he comes. — How now, how now?

TRO. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

PAN. Have you seen my cousin?

TRO. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door, Like a strange fowl upon the *Strygian* banks

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
 And give me swift transportance to those fields,
 Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
 Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
 From *Cupid*'s shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to *Cressid*!

PAN. Walk here i'th'orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[Exit *PANDARUS*.]

TRO. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet,
 That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
 When that the watry palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
 Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers:
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. She's making her ready, she'll come straight;
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
 her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite:
 I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain,—she fetches
 her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit *PANDARUS*.]

TRO. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
 My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
 The eye of majesty.

¹² pallats taste ¹⁴ Sounding ¹⁵ subtle, potent,

Re-enter PANDARUS, with CRESSIDA.

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' files.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner.—So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

TRO. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o'th' deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

CRE. Will you walk in, my lord?

TRO. O *Cressida*, how often have I wish'd me thus?

CRE. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord,

TRO. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRE. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TRO. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

CRE. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To

fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

TRO. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRE. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TRO. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

CRE. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TRO. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

CRE. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet? [you,

CRE. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to

PAN. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for't.

TRO. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

PAN. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown. [heart:—

CRE. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

TRO. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRE. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me; If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much But I might master it:—in faith, I lie; My thoughts were like unbridl'd children, grown Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools! Why have I blab'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man; Or, that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

TRO. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

PAN. Pretty, i'faith.

CRE. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :
 I am asham'd ; — O heavens, what have I done ! —
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TRO. Your leave, fair *Cressid* ? [ing, —

PAN. Leave ! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morn-

CRE. Pray you, content you. [to Pan.

TRO. What offends you, lady ?

CRE. Sir, mine own company.

TRO. You cannot shun yourself.

CRE. Let me go try :

I have a kind of self resides with you :
 But an unkind self ; that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone : —
 Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

TRO. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

CRE. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love ;
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
 And then you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
 Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

TRO. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you)
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;

11 goe and try 21 Or else you

How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRE. In that I'll war with you.

TRO. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by *Troilus* : when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

CRE. Prophet may you be !
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they've said — as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*.

PAN. Go to, a bargain made : seal it, seal it ; I'll

be the witness. Here I hold your hand ; here, my cousin's ; If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all — *Pandars* ; let all inconstant men be *Troilus*'s, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers-between *Pandars* ! say, amen.

TRO. Amen.

CRE. Amen.

PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber, and a bed ; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.

[*Exeunt TRO. and CRE.*]

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here
Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ULYSSES,
NESTOR, DIOMED, AJAX, and CALCHAS.*

CAL. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the fight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new unto the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,

²³ to love, ³¹ into

To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf. [mand.]

AGA. What would'st thou of us, *Trojan*? make de-

CAL. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
 Yesterday took; *Troy* holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange,
 Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: But this *Antenor*,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of *Priam*,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pay.

AGA. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
 And bring us *Cressid* hither; *Calchas* shall have
 What he requests of us. — Good *Diomed*,
 Furnish you fairly for this enterchange:
 Withal, bring word — if *Hector* will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge; *Ajax* is ready.

DIO. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
 Which I am proud to bear. [Exeunt DIO. and CAL.]

Enter, before their Tent, *ACHILLES*,
 and *PATROCLUS*.

ULR. *Achilles* stands i'the entrance of his tent: —
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; — and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him: —
 I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,

Why such unplaufive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :
 If so, I have decision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
 It may do good : Pride hath no other glass
 To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGA. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
 So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

[*they pass forward.*]

ACH. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGA. What says Achilles ? would he ought with us ?

NES. Would you, my lord, ought with the general ?

ACH. No.

NES. Nothing, my lord.

AGA. The better. [Exit AGA. and NES.]

ACH. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you ? how do you ? [Exit MEN.]

ACH. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

AJA. How now, Patroclus ?

ACH. Good morrow, Ajax.

AJA. Ha ?

ACH. Good morrow.

AJA. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit AJAX.]

ACH. What mean these fellows ? know they not
 Achilles ? [bend,

PAT. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to
 To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

ACH. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is *Ulysses*:
I'll interrupt his reading. —
How now, *Ulysses*?

ULY. Now, great *Thetis*' son?

ACH. What are you reading?

ULY. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man — how dearly ever parted;
How much in having, or without, or in, —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again

To the first giver.

Ach. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.

The beauty that is born here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travel'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulr. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
'That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause [rates
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverbe-
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse; [are,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do !
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
 To see these *Grecian* lords !—why, even already
 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder ;
 As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

ACH. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look : What are my deeds forgot ?

ULR. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude :
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perseverance keeps honour bright :
 To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
 Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
 Then, dear my lord, take you the instant way :
 For honour travels in a freight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path :
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue ; If you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindermost ; and there you lye,
 Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
 And trampled on. Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours :

20 like a rusty 30 abject, neere

For time is like a fashionable host;
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and molded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than ~~they will give to~~ gold o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction.

ACH. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

ULR. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

ACH. Ha! known?

+ the welcome 13 goe to 14 then gilt ore-

ULY. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold ;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
 Keeps pace with thought ; and almost, like the gods,
 Does ~~even those~~ thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expreasure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector*, than *Polixena* :
 But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
 And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

PAT. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouze yourself ; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

ACH. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

PAT. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

ACH. I see, my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

PAT. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACH. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*:

I'll send the fool to *Ajax*; and desire him,

To invite the *Trojan* lords after the combat

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace;

To talk with him, and to behold his visage

Even to my full of view. A labour fav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

THE. A wonder!

ACH. What?

[self.

THE. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for him-

ACH. How so?

THE. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

ACH. How can that be?

THE. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that
hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her
reck'ning: bites his lip with a politick regard, as who
should say — there were wit in this head, an 'twould

out; And so there is; but it lies as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th'combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon: What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

ACH. Thou must be my embassador to him, *Thersites*.

THE. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms: I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

ACH. To him, *Patroclus*; Tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*: Do this.

PAT. *Jove* blefs great *Ajax*!

THE. Hum!

PAT. I come from the worthy *Achilles*:

THE. Ha! [to his tent;

PAT. Who most humbly desires you, to invite *Hector*

THE. Hum!

PAT. And to procure safe-conduct from *Agamemnon*,

THE. *Agamemnon*?

PAT. Ay, my lord.

THE. Ha!

PAT. What say you to't?

THE. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PAT. Your answer, fir.

THE. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me,

PAT. Your answer, fir.

THE. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACH. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THE. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make catlings on.

ACH. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THE. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

ACH. My mind is troubl'd, like a fountain stir'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt ACH. and PAT.*]

THE. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, from one Side, ÆNEAS; Servant, with a Torch, preceding: from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, and Others, with DIOMEDES, attended; Torches too with them.

PAR. See, ho! who is that there?

DEL. It is the lord *Æneas*.

ÆNE. Is the prince there in person? — [*to his Ser.*
Had I so good occasion to lye long,
As you, prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [*Æneas.*

DIO. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord

PAR. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*, take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told — how *Diomed*, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

ÆNE. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

DIO. The one and other *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

ÆNE. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to *Troy*! now, by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome indeed! by *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

DIO. We sympathize: — *Jove*, let *Æneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand compleat courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

ÆNE. We know each other well.

DIO. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

PAR. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that ere I heard of. —

What business, lord, so early ? [not.

ÆNE. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know

PAR. His purpose meets you ; 'Twas to bring this
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him, [Greek
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid :

Let's have your company ; — Or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouze him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

ÆNE. That I assure you ;
Troilus had rather Troy were born to Greece,
Than Cressid born from Troy.

PAR. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

ÆNE. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

PAR. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, —
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

DIO. Both alike :
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
 You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits poiz'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

P.A.R. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

DIO. She's bitter to her country : Hear me, *Paris*,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A *Grecian's* life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight
 A *Trojan* hath been slain : since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

P.A.R. Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
 But we in silence hold this virtue well, —
 We'll not commend what we intend not sell.
 Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Court of Pandarus' House.*

Enter TROILUS, and CRESSIDA.

TRO. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

CRE. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down ;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

TRO. Trouble him not ;
 To bed, to bed ; Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants' empty of all thought !

CRE. Good morrow then.

TRO. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

CRE. Are you aweary of me?

TRO. O *Cressida*, but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

CRE. Night hath been too brief. [stays,

TRO. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me,

CRE. Pr'ythee, tarry;
You men will never tarry: —
O foolish *Cressida*! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark, there's one up.

PAN. [within.] What! all the doors open here!

TRO. It is your uncle.

CRE. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life, —

Enter PANDARUS.

PAN. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my cousin *Cressid*?

CRE. Go, hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what? — let her say, what: —
What have I brought you to do? [be good,

CRE. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
Nor suffer others.

PAN. Ha, ha! — Alas, poor wench! a poor *capocchia*!
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bug-bear take him!

CRE. Did not I tell you? — 'would he were knock'd
o'the head! — [Knocking heard.

15 What's all 25 wretch — *chipocchia*

Who's that at door? — good uncle, go and see. —
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TRO. Ha, ha!

CRE. Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. — *[Knocking again.]*

How earnestly they knock! — pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt TRO. and CRE.]

PAN. *[going to the Door.]* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? *[opening it.]* How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PAN. Who's there? my lord Æneas? by my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what should he do here?

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

PAN. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: — For my own part, I came in late: — What should he do here?

ÆNE. Who! nay, then: —

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;

Go.

[As Pandarus is going out.]

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. How now? what's the matter?

ÆNE. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand

Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
 The *Grecian Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
 Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
 The lady *Cressida*.

TRO. Is it so concluded?

ÆNE. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*:
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

TRO. How my achievements mock me! —
 I will go meet them: and, my lord *Æneas*,
 We met by chance; you did not find me here. [ture

ÆNE. Good, good my lord, the secret'st things of na-
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt *TRO.* and *ÆNE.*

PAN. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost. The devil
 take *Antenor*! the young prince will go mad. A plague
 upon *Antenor*! I would, they had broke's neck.

Enter *CRESSIDA*.

CRE. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

PAN. Ah, ah! [gone?

CRE. Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord?
 Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PAN. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am
 above!

CRE. O the gods! — what's the matter?

PAN. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er
 been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death: — O,
 poor gentleman! — A plague upon *Antenor*!

CRE. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
 'Beseech you, what's the matter?

PAN. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone;

thou art chang'd for *Antenor* : thou must to thy father,
and be gone from *Troilus* ; 'twill be his death, 'twill be
his bane, he cannot bear it.

CRE. O you immortal gods !— I will not go.

PAN. Thou must.

CRE. I will not, uncle : I have forgot my father ;
I know no touch of consanguinity ;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*.— O you gods divine,
Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falshood,
If ever she leave *Troilus* ! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.— I'll go in, and weep ;

PAN. Do, do. [cheeks ;

CRE. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same. Before Pandarus' House.

*Enter Æneas, PARIS, TROILUS,
Diomed, and Others.*

PAR. It is great morning ; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon : — ~~Now~~, good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

TRO. Walk in to her house ;
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently :
And to his hand when I deliver her,

Think it an altar; and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there off'ring to it his own heart.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

PAN. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you, walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the same.

Enter PANDARUS, and CRESSIDA.

PAN. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRE. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it; How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

PAN. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah sweet ducks!

CRE. O *Troilus, Troilus!* [*throwing herself upon him.*]

PAN. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. O heart, — as the goodly saying is, —
——— o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking:

there was never a truer rime. Let us cast away nothing,
for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it,
we see it. — How now, lambs?

TRO. *Cressid*, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

CRE. Have the gods envy?

PAN. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRE. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy*?

TRO. A hateful truth.

CRE. What, and from *Troilus* too?

TRO. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

CRE. Is't possible?

TRO. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distast'd with the salt of broken tears. [ready?]

ÆNE. [within.] My lord! Lord *Troilus*! is the lady

TRO. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come*, to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon. [wind,

PAN. Where are my tears? rain, rain, to lay this

Or my poor heart will be blown up by the root.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

CRE. I must then to the Grecians?

TRO. No remedy.

CRE. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.—
When shall we see again?

TRO. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

CRE. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

TRO. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

CRE. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true. [sleeve.]

TRO. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this †

CRE. And you this † glove. When shall I see you?

TRO. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

CRE. O heavens! — be true, again?

TRO. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;

How novelties may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)

Makes me afraid.

CRE. O heavens! —

You love me not.

TRO. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

CRE. Do you think, I will ?

TRO. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

ÆNE. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

TRO. Come, kifs ; and let us part.

PAR. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus* !

TRO. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring *Æneas*, and the *Grecian*, with you.

CRE. My lord, will you be true ?

TRO. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch meer simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter PARIS, DIOMED, and ÆNEAS.

Welcome, fir *Diomed* ! here is the lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you :

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair *Greek*,
 If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
 As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Fair lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomed*
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
 In praising her: I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
 For, by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard,
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*:
 Let me be priviledg'd by my place, and message,
 To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
 I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
 I speak it in my spirit and honour, no.

Tro. Come, to the port:—I tell thee, *Diomed*,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TRO. and CRE. Trumpet heard.*]

P.A.R. Hark! *Hector's* trumpet.

ÆNE. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

P.A.R. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault: Come, come, to field with him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp:*

Lifts set out; Attendants, and People, waiting.

Flourish. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, and Others;
with AJAX, arm'd.

AGA. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

AJA. Thou, trumpet, there's † my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon*:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for *Hector*. [*Parle sounded.*]

ULY. No trumpet answers.

ACH. 'Tis but early days.

AGA. Is not yon' *Diomed*, with *Calchas'* daughter?

ULY. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED and Attendants,
with CRESSIDA.*

AGA. Is this the lady *Cressida*?

DIO. Even she.

AGA. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady.

NES. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULY. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

NES. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. —

So much for *Nestor*.

ACH. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

MEN. I had good argument for kissing once.

PAT. But that's no argument for kissing now:

For thus popt *Paris* in his hardiment;

And parted thus you and your argument.

ULY. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

PAT. The first was *Menelaus*' kifs; this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

MEN. O, this is trim!

PAT. *Paris*, and I, kifs evermore for him.

MEN. I'll have my kifs, fir: — Lady, by your leave.

CRE. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

PAT. Both take and give.

CRE. I'll make my match to live,

The kifs you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kifs.

MEN. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

CRE. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

MEN. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

CRE. No, *Paris* is not; for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

MEN. You fillip me o'the head.

CRE. No, I'll be sworn.

ULY. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRE. You may.

ULY. I do desire it.

CRE. Why, beg then.

ULY. Why then, for *Venus*' sake, give me a kiss,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and † his.

CRE. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

ULY. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

DIO. Lady, a word; I'll bring you to your father.

[*Exeunt* DIO. and CRE.]

NES. A woman of quick sense.

ULY. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet heard.*]

all. The *Trojans*' trumpet.

AGA. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter HECTOR, arm'd;

TROILUS, and other *Trojans*, with him;

ÆNEAS preceding.

ÆNE. Hail all the state of *Greece*! What shall be done
to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bad ask.

AGA. Which way would *Hector* have it?

ÆNE. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

ACH. 'Tis done like *Hector*; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

ÆNE. If not *Achilles*, sir,
What is your name?

ACH. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

ÆNE. Therefore *Achilles*: But, whate'er, know this,—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy:
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood;
In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector* comes to seek
This blended knight, half *Trojan*, and half *Greek*.

ACH. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

AGA. Here is sir *Diomed*: — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and lord *Æneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half flints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax* and *Hector* enter the Lists, *Æneas* and
Diomed marshaling: *Greeks* range themselves

? *Ag.* 'Tis done

on one Side, and Trojans upon the other, without.

AGA. Ulysses,

What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

ULr. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impar thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector*, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him, *Troilus*; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Aeneas*; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus translate him to me.

*[Trumpets blow to Arms.
Ajax and Hector fight.]*

AGA. They are in action.

NES. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

TRO. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

AGA. His blows are well dispos'd: — there, *Ajax*.

DIO. You must no more. } *interposing.*

ÆNE. Princes, enough, so please you. } *Trumpets cease.*

AJA. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

DIO. As *Hector* pleases.

HEC. Why then, will I no more: —

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou could'st say — *This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greece, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drained out ! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax* :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him † thus :
 Cousin, all honour to thee !

AJA. I thank thee, *Hector* :
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

HEC. Not *Neoptolemus*' sire so mirable
 (On whose bright crest fame with her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

HEC. We'll answer it ;
 The issue is † embracement : — *Ajax*, farewell.

AJA. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As feld I have the chance) I would desire

My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

DIO. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish; and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

HEC. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part;
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

AGA. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Chiefs enter the Lists.

HEC. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGA. Worthy of arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

HEC. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

AGA. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, [*to Tro.*] no less
to you. [ing;—

MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HEC. Whom must we answer?

ÆNE. The noble *Menelaus*.

HEC. O, you, my lord? by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus'* glove:

She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

MEN. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

HEC. O, pardon; I offend.

NES. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
Lab'ring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life:
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNE. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

HEC. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee. [tion,

NES. I would, my arms could match thee in conten-
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HEC. I would, they could.

NES. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time.

ULR. I wonder now how yonder city stands,

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HEC. I know your favour, lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw yourself and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassy.

ULR. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophesy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

HEC. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common-arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

ULR. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

ACH. I shall forestal thee, lord *Ulysses*; Thou! —
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

HEC. Is this *Achilles*?

ACH. I am *Achilles*.

HEC. Stand fair, I pray thee, let me look on thee.

ACH. Behold thy fill.

HEC. Nay, I have done already.

ACH. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HEC. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACH. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him; whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens.

HEC. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACH. I tell thee, yea.

HEC. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that styth'd *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

ATA. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of *Hector*.
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

HEC. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cause.

ACH. Dost thou entreat me, *Hector*?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

HEC. Thy hand upon that match.

AGA. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;
There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him. —
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great foldier may his welcome know. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt. Troilus stays Ulysses.*

TRO. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

ULY. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

TRO. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

ULY. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? had she no lover there,
That wails her absence ?

TRO. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Greek Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

ACH. I'll heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —
Patroclus, let us feast him to the heighth.

PAT. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter THERSITES, *with a Letter*.

ACH. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

THE. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of ideot-worshippers, here's † a letter for thee.

ACH. From whence, fragment?

THE. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

[*Achilles reads*.

PAT. Who keeps the tent now?

THE. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

PAT. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

THE. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be *Achilles'* male harlot.

PAT. Male harlot, you rogue? what's that?

THE. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, loads
of gravel i'the back, catarrhs, lethargies, cold palsies,
raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders
full of impostume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, in-
curable bone-ach, and the rivel'd fee-simple of the
tetter, take and take again such preposterous disco-
veries!

PAT. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what
meanest thou to curse thus?

THE. Do I curse thee?

PAT. Why, no, you ruinous but; you whorson in-

† 9 male varlot

distinguishable cur, no.

THE. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tossel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

PAT. Out, gall!

THE. Finch-egg!

ACH. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle: Here is a letter from queen *Hecuba*; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall, *Greeks*; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.— Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent; This night in banqueting must all be spent.— Away, *Patroclus*. [Exeunt *ACH.* and *PAT.*

THE. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transmutation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the hull,—the primitive statue, and obelisque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is of, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? to an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass.

To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Hey-day! sprites, and fires!

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, HECTOR,
 ULYSSES, Nestor, DIOMED, TROILUS, and
 MENELAUS, with Lights.*

AGA. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJA. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

HEC. I trouble you.

AJA. No, not a whit.

ULR. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACH. Welcome, brave *Hector*;—welcome, princes all.

AGA. So now, fair prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HEC. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* general.

MEN. Good night, my lord.

HEC. Good night, sweet *Menelaus*. [sewer.

THE. Sweet draff: Sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet

ACH. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
 That go, or tarry.

AGA. Good night. [Exeunt *AGA.* and *MEN.*

ACH. Old *Nestor* tarries;—and you too, *Diomed*,
 Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

DIO. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
 The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great *Hector*.

HEC. Give me your hand. [to *DIO.*

ULR. "Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent;"

"I'll keep you company."

TRO. "Sweet sir, you honour me."

HEC. And so, good night.

[Exit DIOMED; ULY. and TRO. following.]

ACH. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and Nestor.]

THE. That same *Diomed's* a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him; they say, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas'* tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMED, with a Torch.

DIO. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CAL. [within.] who calls?

DIO. *Diomed:*

Calchas, where is your daughter?

CAL. [within.] She comes to you.

Enter ULYSSES, and TROILUS, at a Distance;
after them, THERSITES.

ULY. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

TRO. *Cressid* come forth to him!

DIO. How now, my charge?

CRES. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,

A word with you.

[*whisp'ring him.*]

TRO. Yea, so familiar!

ULY. She will sing any man at first sight.

THE. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

DIO. Will you remember?

CRE. Remember? yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupl'd with your words.

TRO. What should she remember?

ULY. Lift!

CRE. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

THE. Roguery.

DIO. Nay, then,—

CRE. I'll tell you what:

DIO. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.

CRE. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

THE. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

DIO. What did you swear, you would bestow on me?

CRE. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

DIO. Good night.

TRO. Hold, patience!

ULY. How now, *Trojan*?

CRE. *Diomed*,—

DIO. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

TRO. Thy better must.

CRE. Hark, one word in your ear.

TRO. O plague and madness!

ULY. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you.
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

TRO. Behold, I pray you !

ULY. Now, good my lord, go off ;
You flow to great distraction : come, my lord.

TRO. I pr'ythee, stay.

ULY. You have not patience ; come.

TRO. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

DIO. And so, good night.

CRE. Nay, but you part in anger.

TRO. Doth that grieve thee ?—

O wither'd truth !

ULY. How now, my lord ?

TRO. By *Jove*,

I will be patient.

CRE. Guardian,—why, *Greek*,—

DIO. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

CRE. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

ULY. You shake, my lord, at something ; Will you go ?
You will break out.

TRO. She stroaks his cheek !

ULY. Come, come.

TRO. Nay, stay ; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word :
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience ; stay a little while.

THE. How the devil, luxury, with his fat rump, and
Potato finger, tickles these together !—
Fry, lechery, fry !

DIO. But will you then ?

CRE. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

DIO. Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRE. I'll fetch you one.

[Exit.

ULY. You have sworn patience.

TRO. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

THE. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

CRE. Here, *Diomed*, keep this † sleeve.

TRO. O, beauty !

Where is thy faith ?

ULY. My lord, —

TRO. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

CRE. You look upon that sleeve ; Behold it well :
He lov'd me — O false wench ! — Give't me again.

DIO. Whose was't ?

CRE. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I prythee, *Diomed*, visit me no more.

THE. Now she sharpens ; — Well said, whetstone.

DIO. I shall have it again.

CRE. What, this ?

DIO. Ay, that.

CRE. O all you gods ! — O pretty pretty pledge !
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss † thee. — Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He, that takes that, doth take my heart withal.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TRO. I did swear patience.

[not ;

CRE. You shall not have it, *Diomed* ; 'faith, you shall
I'll give you something else.

DIO. I will have this ; Whose was it ?

CRE. It is no matter.

DIO. Come, tell me whose it was.

CRE. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. But, whose was it?

CRE. By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

TRO. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd. [not;

CRE. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;— And yet it is
I will not keep my word.

DIO. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock *Diomed* again.

CRE. You shall not go: One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

DIO. I do not like this fooling.

THE. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me,
Pleases me best.

DIO. What, shall I come? the hour?

CRE. Ay, come:— O *Jove*! —
Do, come:— I shall be plagu'd.

DIO. Farewel 'till then.

CRE. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [Exit DIO.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit CRE.

THE. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

ULR. All's done, my lord.

TRO. It is.

ULR. Why stay we then?

TRO. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

ULR. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

TRO. She was not, sure.

ULR. Most sure, she was.

TRO. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULR. Nor mine, my lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

TRO. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood;
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks — apt, without a theme,
For depravation — to square the general sex
By *Cressid*'s rule: rather think this not *Cressid*. [thers?

ULR. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mo-

TRO. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THE. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

TRO. This she? no, this is *Diomed*'s *Cressida*:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt; this is, and is not, *Cressid*!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As is *Arachne's* broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, o instance! strong as *Pluto's* gates;
Cressid is mine, ty'd with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, o instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolv'd, and loof'd;
 And with another knot, five finger ty'd,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits and greazy relicks
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

ULY. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

TRO. Ay, *Greek*; and that shall be divulg'd well
 In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus*: never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fixt a soul.

Hark, *Greek*, — As much as I do *Cressid* love,
 So much by weight hate I her *Diomed*:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on *Diomed*.

THE. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TRO. O *Cressid*! o false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

ULY. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home. [adieu:—

TRO. Have with you, prince: — My courteous lord,
 Farewel, revolted fair! — and, *Diomed*,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head.

ULY. I'll bring you to the gates.

TRO. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TRO. ÆNE. and ULY.*

THE. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomed*!
 I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
 this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond,
 than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still,
 wars, and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning
 devil take them! [Exit.

SCENE III. *Troy. Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR arm'd, and ANDROMACHE.

AND. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
 To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HEC. You train me to offend you ; get you in :
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

HEC. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

CAS. Where is my brother *Hector* ?

AND. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent :
Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CAS. O, it is true.

HEC. Ho, bid my trumpet sound !

CAS. No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HEC. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted off'rings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

AND. O, be persuaded : Do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CAS. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow ;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold :
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

HEC. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. —

Enter TROILUS, arm'd.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

AND. *Cassandra*, call my father to persuade.

[Exit CASSANDRA.]

HEC. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

TRO. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

HEC. What vice is that, good *Troilus*? chide me for it.

TRO. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

HEC. O, 'tis fair play.

TRO. Fools' play, by heaven, *Hector*.

HEC. How now? how now?

TRO. For th' love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckl'd on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

HEC. Fie, savage, fie!

TRO. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

HEC. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

TRO. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,

17 *Grecian falls* 24 then 'tis

But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

PRI. Come, *Hector*, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee — that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

HEC. *Aeneas* is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRI. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HEC. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal *Priam*.

CAS. O *Priam*, yield not to him.

AND. Do not, dear father.

HEC. *Andromache*, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

TRO. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

CAS. O, farewell, dear *Hector*.

Look, how thou dy'st ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !

Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
 How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolours forth!
 Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
 Like witless anticks, one another meet,
 And all cry—*Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!*

TRO. Away, away!

CAS. Farewel.—Yet, soft:—*Hector*, I take my leave:
 Thou dost thyself and all our *Troy* deceive.

[Exit *CASSANDRA*.

HEC. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
 Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
 Do deeds of praise, and tell you them at night.

PRI. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exit *PRIAM*. *Alarums*.

TRO. They are at it, hark!—proud *Diomed*, believe,
 I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Greek Camp.*

A Field of Battle. Alarums: Excursions.

Enter *THERSITES*.

THE. Now they are clapper-clawing one another;
 I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,
Diomed, has got that same scurvy doating foolish knave's
 sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain see them
 meet; that that same young *Trojan* ass, that loves the
 whore there, might send that *Greekish* whore-masterly
 villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxuri-
 ous drab, of a sleeveless errand. O'th'other side, The
 policy of those crafty sneering rascals—that stale old
 mouse-eaten dry cheese, *Nestor*; and that same dog fox,
Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry: They set
 me up, in policy, that mungril cur, *Ajax*, against that

29 swearing

H 2

dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*: and now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS following.

TRO. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river *Styx*, I would swim after.

DIO. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

THE. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*!—now for thy whore, *Trojan*!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt DIOMED and TROILUS, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR. *[match?]*

HEC. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector's* Art thou of blood, and honour?

THE. No, no: I am a rascal;
A scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HEC. I do believe thee; live. *[Exit.]*

THE. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *The same.*

Alarums. Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

DIO. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus'* horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;

Tell her, I have chafis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

[Exit Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON, hastily.

AGA. Renew, renew! the fierce *Polidamas*
Hath beat down *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner;
And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pass'd corse of the kings
Epistropus and *Cedius*: *Polixenes* is slain;
Amphimachus, and *Thoas*, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruise'd: the dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals our numbers; haste we, *Diomed*,
To re-inforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

NES. Go, bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*;

[to his Followers.

And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame. —

There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:

Now here he fights on *Galathea* his horse,

And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,

And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculs

Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,

Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:

Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite,

That what he will, he does; and does so much,

That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulr. O, courage, courage, princes! great *Achilles*

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowzy blood ;
 Together with his mangl'd *Myrmidons*,
 That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt come to him,
 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for *Troilus* ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bad him win all.

Enter *AJAX*.

AJA. *Troilus* ! thou coward *Troilus* !

[Exit,

DIO. Ay, there, there.

NES. So, so, we draw together.

Enter *ACHILLES*.

ACH. Where is this *Hector* ?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew me thy face ;
 Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry :
Hector ! where's *Hector* ? I will none but *Hector*.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Another Part of the Field.

Enter *AJAX*.

AJA. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head !

Enter *DIOMED*.

DIO. *Troilus*, I say ! where's *Troilus* ?

AJA. What would'st thou ?

DIO. I would correct him.

AJA. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
 Ere that correction : — *Troilus*, I say ! what, *Troilus* !

Enter TROILUS. [traitor,

TRO. O traitor *Diomed*! — turn thy false face, thou
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse.

DIO. Ha! art thou there?

AYA. I'll fight with him alone; stand, *Diomed*.

DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon. [both.

TRO. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*; have at you

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR. [ther!

HEC. Yea, *Troilus*? O, well fought, my youngest bro-

Enter ACHILLES.

ACH. Now do I see thee: Ha! — Have at thee, *Hector*.

HEC. Pause, if thou wilt. [*dropping his sword.*

ACH. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud *Trojan*.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*

HEC. Fare thee well: —

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS, *hastily*.

TRO. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Aeneas*; Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Grecians, *and pass over;*

amongst them, one in goodly Armour.

HEC. Stand, stand, thou *Greek*; thou art a goodly

No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well; [mark! —

I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Alarums. Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

ACH. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*;
Mark what I say, — Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed — *Hector* the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

Alarums. Enter Paris, and Menelaus, fighting;

THERSITES after them.

THE. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it:—
Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo! — The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Par. and Men.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

MAR. Turn, slave, and fight.

THE. What art thou?

MAR. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

THE. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard. [*Exit.*]

MAR. The devil take thee, coward!

[Exit.

SCENE IX. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter HECTOR.

HEC. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
[putting off his Helmet.
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

*Shouts within. Enter ACHILLES,
and Myrmidons.*

ACH: Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

[assaulting him.

HEC. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, Greek.

ACH. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.—
[Hector falls.

So, *Ilion*, fall thou next! now, *Troy*, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, *Myrmidons*; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[Retreat heard.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

ACH. The dragon wing of night o'er-spreads the
earth;

And, stickler-like, the armies seperates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[putting up his Sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt, dragging out the Body.*]

SCENE X. *The same.*

*March. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX,
DIOMED, NESTOR, and Others.*

Shouts within.

AGA. Hark, hark! what shout is that?

NES. Peace, drums.

within. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIO. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJA. If it be so, yet brags let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

AGA. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another Part of the Field; under Troy.*

Retreat sounded. Enter Trojans, confusedly; to them,

ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. Hector is slain.

all. Hector? the gods forbid!

TRO. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite at Troy,

I say, at once ! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

ÆNE. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TRO. You understand me not, that tell me so :

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone !
Who shall tell *Priam* so, or *Hecuba* ?

Let him, that will a shrietch-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there — *Hector*'s dead :

There is a word will *Priam* turn to stone ;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itself. But, march, away :

Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.

Stay yet ; — You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains,

Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare, [coward,

I'll through and through you : — And thou great-siz'd

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That moldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. —

Strike a free march to *Troy* ! — with comfort go ;

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[as they are going out, and Troilus last,

Enter PANDARUS.

PAN. Do you hear, my lord ; do you hear ?

TRO. What now ? [Exeunt ÆNEAS, and Trojans.

PAN. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

TRO. Let me read.

[taking it.

PAN. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally pti-
sick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ;

and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

TRO. Words, words, meer words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way. —

Go, wind, to wind, [*tears, and scatters about, the Letter.*] there turn and change together. —

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

PAN. But hear you, hear you.

TRO. Hence, broker, lacquey! — ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

PAN. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! —
O world, world, world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
O traitors, and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'work,
and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so
desir'd, and the performance so loathed? what verse for
it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And, being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

advancing:

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this —
Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss :
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

C Y M B E L I N E.

Persons represented.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain* :
Cloten, *Son to his Queen by a former Husband*.
Posthumus, *a noble Gentleman, Husband to Imogen*.
Belarius, *a banish'd Lord ; calling himself, Morgan* :
Guiderius, } *his suppos'd Sons ; call'd by*
Arviragus, } *him, Paladour and Cadwal*.
Cornelius, *a Physician*.
Pisanio, *Gentleman to Posthumus*.
Lords, of Cymbeline's Court, four :
Gentlemen, of the same, two.
two Britain Captains, an Attendant,
*Messenger, and two Jailer*s.
Lucius, *General of the Roman Forces*.
Philario, *Host to Posthumus*, } *Roman Gentlemen*.
Jachimo, *Friend to Philario*, }
a French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
a Roman Captain, Soothsayer, Tribune, and two Senators.
Spirits, in the Vision, of Sicillius Leonatus, his Wife, and
two Sons, Father, Mother, and Brothers to Posthumus :
and Jupiter.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline :
Imogen, *his Daughter by a former Queen*.
Lady, attending the Queen ; Lady, attending Imogen.

British and Roman Officers, Guards, Soldiers, &c.
a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman : Musicians ;
Tribunes, Senators ; Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Scene, part Rome ; partly in Britain.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Part of the royal Garden to Cymbeline's Palace. Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. G. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2. G. But what's the matter? [whom

1. G. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he marry'd) hath refer'd herself
To a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. G. None but the king?

1. G. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not

8 Unto a

Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. G. And why so?

1. G. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her, — alack good man ! —
And therefore banish'd !) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. G. You speak him far.

1. G. I don't extend him, sir : within himself
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. G. What's his name, and birth?

1. G. I cannot delve him to the root : His father
Was called *Sicilius*, who did join his honour,
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus* :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand : for which, their father
(Then old, and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him, *Posthumus* ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
 A sample to the young't; to the more mature,
 A glas that featur'd them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2. G. I honour him

Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1. G. His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing cloths the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n; and, to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2. G. How long is this ago?

1. G. Some twenty years.

2. G. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1. G. Howsoever 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2. G. I do well believe you.

1. G. We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
 The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter* Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Que. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you : you're my prisoner, but
 Your jailor shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Pos. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Que. You know the peril : —
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of bar'd affections ; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

IMO. O *[Exit Queen.]*
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds ? — My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Pos. My queen ! my mistress !
 O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man ! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's* ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Que. Be brief, I pray you :
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure : — " Yet I'll move him"
 " To walk this way : I never do him wrong,"
 " But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;"
 " Pays dear for my offences." [*Exit.*

Pos. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, † love ;
 This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
 But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
 When *Imogen* is dead.

Pos. How, how ! another ? —
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death ! — Remain, remain thou † here
 While sense can keep it on : — And, sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you : For my sake, wear † this ;
 It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

‡ one *Philario's*

Upon this fairest prisoner.

IMO. O the gods! —
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Pos. Alack, the king!

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid; hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Pos. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. *[Exit POSTHUMUS.]*

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

CYM. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heap'st instead
A year's age on me!

IMO. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYM. Past grace! obedience!

IMO. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYM. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

IMO. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. *[throne]*

CYM. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my
A feat for baseness.

IMO. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

CYM. O thou vile one!

IMO. Sir,

It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :
 You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
 A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me
 Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !—'Would I were
 A neat-herd's daughter ! and my *Leonatus*
 Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !—
 They were again together : you have done
 Not after our command. Away with her,
 And pen her up.

Que. Beseech your patience :—Peace,
 Dear lady daughter, peace ;—Sweet sovereign,
 Leave us to ourselves :—and make yourself some comfort
 Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
 A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
 Dye of this folly ! *[Exit CYMBELINE.]*

Enter PISANIO.

Que. Fie !—you must give way :
 Here is your servant. — How now, sir ? what news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Que. Ha !
 No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
 But that my master rather play'd than fought,
 And had no help of anger : they were parted
 By gentlemen at hand.

Que. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part,

To draw upon an exile. — O brave fir! —
 I would, they were in *Africk* both together;
 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
 The goer-back. — Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
 To bring him to the haven: left † these notes
 Of what commands I should be subject to,
 When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Que. This hath been
 Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
 He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Que. Pray, walk a while.

IMO. About some half hour hence,
 I pray you, speak with me: You shall, at least,
 Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1. *L.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
 violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice:
 Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad
 so wholesome as that you vent.

CLO. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have
 I hurt him?

2. *L.* “No, faith; not so much as his patience.”

1. *L.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he
 be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not
 hurt.

2. *L.* “His steel was in debt; it went o'th' back—”
 “side the town,”

CLO. The villain would not stand me.

2. L. "No; but he fled forward still, toward your face."

1. L. Stand you! You had land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2. L. "As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!"

CLO. I would, they had not come between us.

2. L. "So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long" "a fool you were upon the ground."

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2. L. "If it be a sin to make a true election, she is" "damn'd."

1. L. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. L. "She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection" "should hurt her."

CLO. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. L. "I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of" "an ass, which is no great hurt."

CLO. You'll go with us?

2. L. I'll attend your lordship.

CLO. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. L. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, *His queen, his queen.*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linnen! happier therein than I! —
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of *Italy* should not betray

Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kifs, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

IMO. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
 I will attend the queen.

PR. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. *A Room in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, JACHIMO, a Frenchman,
 a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

JAC. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in *Britain*;
 he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so
 worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of:
 but I could then have look'd on him, without the help
 of admiration; though the catalogue of his endow-
 ments had been tabl'd by his side, and I to peruse him
 by items.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd,
 than now he is, with that which makes him both with-
 out and within.

FRE. I have seen him in *France*: we had very many
 there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

JAC. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,
 (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value than

his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Fre. And then his banishment:

Jac. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the *Britain*: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Fre. Sir, we have known together in *Orleans*.

Pos. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Fre. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Pos. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard,

8 without lesse quality

than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not, to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Fre. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelyhood, have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

JAC. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

Fre. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses : This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant qualify'd, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

JAC. That lady is not now living ; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Pos. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

JAC. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Pos. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing ; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

JAC. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in *Britany*. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you

the lady.

Pos. I prais'd her, as I rated her : so do I my stone.

Jac. What do you esteem it at ?

Pos. More than the world enjoys.

Jac. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Pos. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Jac. Which the gods have given you ?

Pos. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Jac. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoln too : so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Pos. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Pos. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Jac. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Pos. No, no.

Jac. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Pos. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Jac. What's that?

Pos. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it dye as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Jac. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Pos. What lady would you choose to assail?

Jac. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Pos. I will wager against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Jac. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Pos. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear

a graver purpose, I hope.

JAC. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Pos. Will you? — I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return: — Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring. *[putting it into Philario's Hand.]*

PHI. I will have it no lay.

JAC. By the gods, it is one: — If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, She your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; — provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Pos. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: — only, thus far you shall answer: If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

JAC. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britain*; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Pos. Agreed.

[Exeunt Pos. and JAC.]

¹⁰ you no sufficient ¹² are yours, so

Fre. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior *Jachimo* will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Que. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

L. I, madam.

Que. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*giving her some Papers.*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Que. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

COR. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.

Que. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

"Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him"

"Will I first let them work: he's for his master,"

"And enemy to my son." — How now, *Pisano*? —

Doctor, your service for this time is ended;

Take your own way.

COR. "I do suspect you, madam";

"But you shall do no harm".

Que. Hark thee, a word. [*to Pis. drawing him aside.*]

COR. "I do not like her. She doth think, she has"

"Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,"

"And will not trust one of her malice with"

"A drug of such damn'd nature: 'Those, she has,"

"Will stupify and dull the sense a while:"

"Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;"

"Then afterward up higher: but there is"

"No danger in what shew of death it makes,"

"More than the locking up the spirits a time,"

"To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd"

"With a most false effect; and I the truer,"

"So to be false with her."

Que. No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Que. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in
time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter,
 Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master : greater ; for
 His fortunes all lye speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where is : to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans ?
 Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[drops some of the Papers.]

So much as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know
 What is more cordial : — Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a farther good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou chancest on ; but think :
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee, move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. *[Exit PIs.]* A fly, and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold

23 changeſt 25 thee. He move

K 1

The hand fast to her lord. I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of ledgers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet: — Fare thee well, *Pisano*;
Think on my words. *[Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.]*

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit PISANIO.]

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that husband,
My supream crown of grief; and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stoln,
As my two brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO, and JACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Jac. Change you, madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. *[presents a Letter.]*

IMO. Thanks, good sir;

You're kindly welcome.

JAC. "All of her, that is out of door, most rich!"

"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,"

"She is alone the *Arabian* bird; and I"

"Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!"

"Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!"

"Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight;"

"Rather, directly fly.

IMO. [*reads.*] * * * * *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,

In all that I can do.

JAC. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes,

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

Of sea and land? which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones

Upon the humbl'd beach? and can we not

Partition make with spectacles so precious

'Twixt fair and foul?

IMO. What makes your admiration?

JAC. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows the other: Nor i'the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would

Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;

Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit to emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

JAC. The cloyed will,
(That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd; that tub
Both fill'd and running) rav'ning first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

IMO. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

JAC. Thanks, madam; well: — Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;
He's strange, and peevish.

PIS. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.]

IMO. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech

JAC. Well, madam. [you?]

IMO. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

JAC. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd,
The *Britain* reveller.

IMO. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

JAC. I never saw him sad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O,
Can my sides hold, to think, that man, — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose

3 unsatisfi'd desire, that

*But must be, — will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?*

IMO. Will my lord say so? [ter.

JAC. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laugh-
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope. [might

JAC. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I count his, beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

IMO. What do you pity, sir?

JAC. Two creatures, heartily.

IMO. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wrack discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

JAC. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'th' dungeon by a snuff?

IMO. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands.

Why do you pity me?

JAC. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

IMO. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more

Than to be sure they do: For certainties
 Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born) discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

JAC. Had I this cheek
 To bath my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour;
 Then glsd myself by peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with flinking tallow; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

IMO. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot *Britain*.

JAC. And himself: Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggery of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

JAC. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMO. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

JAC. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* priest, between cold sheets ;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

IMO. What ho, *Pisanio* ?

JAC. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMO. Away ! I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee : If thou wert honourable,
'Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike : — What ho, *Pisanio* ! —
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound

His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all. — What ho, *Pisanio*!

JAC. O happy *Leonatus* ! I may say,
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit. — Blessed live you long !
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
 The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him :
 Half all men's hearts are his.

IMO. You make amends.

JAC. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try you by a false report ; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon. [yours.

IMO. All's well, sir : Take my power i'the court for

JAC. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 To intreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,

Are partners in the business.

IMO. Pray, what is't?

JAC. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your lord,
(Th' best feather of our wing) have mingl'd fums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France*: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form: their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

JAC. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMO. O, no, no.

JAC. Yes, I beseech: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

IMO. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow.

JAC. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

IMO. I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before the Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

CLO. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I
kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I had a
hundred pound on't : And then a whorson jackanapes
must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrow'd mine
oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. L. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate
with your bowl.

2. L. "If his wit had been like his that broke it, it"
"would have run all out."

CLO. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2. L. No, my lord ; nor crop the ears of them.

CLO. Whorson dog ! — I give him satisfaction ? —
'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2. L. "To have smelt like a fool."

CLO. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, —
A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they
dare not fight with me because of the queen my mother :
every jack-slave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I must
go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. L. "You are a cock and capon too ; and you"
"crow, cock, with your comb on."

CLO. Sayest thou ?

17 like him that

2. *L.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *L.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. *L.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't! [not.]

2. *L.* "He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it

1. *L.* There's an *Italian* come; and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*' friends.

Clo. *Leonatus*! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whosoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1. *L.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. *L.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. *L.* "You are a fool granted; therefore your issues," "being foolish, do not derogate,"

Clo. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *L.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN, and 1. Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd;

A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber;
 a Trunk in one Part of it: IMOGEN in
 her Bed; a Lady attending.*

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lad. Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

Lad. Almost midnight, madam. [*weak:—*]

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
 Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou can'st awake by four o'the clock, [*wholly.*
 I pr'ythee, call me. [*Exit Lady.*] Sleep hath feis'd me
 To your protection I commend me, gods:
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye! [*sleeps.*]

JACHIMO, *from the Trunk.*

JAC. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. — *Cytherea*,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kifs; one kifs! Rubies unparagon'd, [*kissing her.*
 How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
 Under the windows : White and azure, lac'd ;
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. — But my design ?
 To note the chamber : — I will write all down :
 Such, and such, pictures ; There the window ; Such
 The adornment of her bed ; The arras, figures ?
 Why, such, and such ; And the contents of the story, —
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 (Above ten thousand meaner moveables *they*
 Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off ;

[*taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the *Gordian* knot was hard !
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. To what end ?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late :
 The tale of *Tereus* ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night ! that dawning
 May bear the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
 One, two, three, — [*counting the Clock.*] Time, time!
 [*Shuts the Trunk upon himself. The Scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *An Anti-Room to the above Chamber.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Lords.

1. *L.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. *L.* But not every man patient, after the noble
 temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious,
 when you win.

CLO. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
 could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold en-
 ough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1. *L.* Day, my lord.

CLO. I would, this musick would come: I am advis'd
 to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will pe-
 netrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your
 fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will
 do, let her remain; but I'll never o'er. First, a very ex-
 cellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet
 air, with admirable rich words to it, — and then let her
 consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 and Phœbus 'gins arise,
 his steeds to water at those springs
 on chalic'd flowers that lies;
 and twinkling Mary-buds begin*

*to ope their golden eyes;
with every thing that pretty bin:
my lady sweet, arise;
arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat's-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2. L. Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good-morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

CRM. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

CLO. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CRM. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Que. You are most bound to the king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself To orderly sollicit; and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends,

² pretty is, ⁶ a voyce in ⁷ Calves-guts

And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, for his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this *Roman*.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Mess. and Lords.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
I know her women, are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o'the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true-man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lad. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lad. No more?

CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lad. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

CLO. Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

Lad. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLO. There is gold \neq for you ;
Sell me your good report.

Lad. How ! my good name ?

Or to report of you what I shall think
Is good ? — The princess —

[*Exit Lady.*

Enter IMOGEN.

CLO. Good morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet hand.

IMO. Good morrow, sir : You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

CLO. Still, I swear, I love you.

IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

CLO. This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLO. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin ;
I will not.

IMO. Fools cure not mad folks.

CLO. Do you call me fool ?

31 Fools are not

L 2

IMO. As I am mad, I do :
 If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, fir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners,
 By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
 That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
 By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
 And am so near the lack of charity,
 (To accuse myself) I hate you : which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast.

CLO. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o'the court) it is no contract, none :
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependancy
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o'the crown ; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

IMO. Prophane fellow !
 Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides ; thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
 The under hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
 For being prefer'd so well.

CLO. The south-fog rot him!

IMO. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,

Enter PISANIO.

Were they all made such men.—How now, *Pisanio*?

CLO. His garment? Now, the devil—

IMO. To *Dorothy* my woman hye thee presently:—

CLO. His garment?

IMO. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but him.

PIS. 'Twill not be lost.

IMO. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit PISANIO.]

CLO. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

IMO. Ay; I said so, sir:

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

CLO. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[Exit IMOGEN.]

CLO. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment? Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Rome. A Room in Philario's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO,

Pos. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

PHI. What means do you make to him?

Pos. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

PHI. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great *Augustus*: *Caius Lucius*
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Pos. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tydings
Of any penny tribute pay'd. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingl'd with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter JACHIMO.

PHI. See! *Jachimo!*

POS. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

PHI. Welcome, sir.

POS. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

JAC. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

POS. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

JAC. Here † are letters for you.

POS. Their tenor good, I trust.

JAC. 'Tis very like.

PHI. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* court,
When you were there?

JAC. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

POS. All is well yet. —
Sparkles this † stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

JAC. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

POS. The stone's too hard to come by.

JAC. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

POS. Make not, sir

Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

JAC. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

POS. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

JAC. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

POS. Proceed.

JAC. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*
On *Cydnus*, swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life was in it.

Pos. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Jac. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Pos. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Jac. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chast *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature; dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Pos. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Jac. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Pos. This is her honour? —
Be it granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have lay'd.

Jac. Then if you can,
Be pale; I beg but leave to air † this jewel: See!
And now 'tis up again: It must be marry'd
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

² life on't was — ²⁵ Let it be granted

Pos. *Jove!* —

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Jac. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stript it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Pos. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Jac. She writes so to you? doth she?

Pos. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take † this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing: —
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.

Pos. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't: — Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stoln.

Jac. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Pos. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true, — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn, and honourable; They induc'd to steal it?
And by a stranger? No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognisance of her incontinency [ly.—
Is this, — she hath bought the name of whore thus dear—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.

PHI. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one perswaded well of —

POS. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

JAC. If you seek
For further satisfiying, under her breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POS. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

JAC. Will you hear more?

POS. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million.

JAC. I'll be sworn, —

POS. No swearing: —
If you will swear you have not don't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

JAC. I will deny nothing.

POS. O, that I had here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before

Her father: I'll do something: [Exit POSTHUMUS.]

PHI. Quite besides

The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

JAC. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Pos. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards; all:
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this. — O, vengeance, vengeance! —
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*; that I thought her
As chaste, as unshin'd snow: — O, all the devils! —
This yellow *Jachimo*, in an hour, (was't not?)
Or less; at first: Perchance, he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd, *oh*, and mounted: found no opposition,
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, (note it)
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still ;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them : Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A State Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, Lords, and Others:

Cymbeline takes his Throne ; after which,

Enter LUCIUS, and Attendants.

CRM. Now say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us ?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar* (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in mens eyes ; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan*, thine uncle,
 (Famous in *Cæsar's* praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Que. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

CLO. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*. *Britain* is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Que. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from us, to restime
 We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors: together with
 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As the great *Neptune's* park, rib'd and pal'd in
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carry'd
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their furges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
 Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And *Britains* strut with courage.

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be pay'd:
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
 as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars*: other of them
 may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such strait arms,
 none.

CRM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
 as *Cassibelan*: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—

Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If *Cæsar* can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You must know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: *Cæsar's* ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The fides o'the world) against all colour, here
Did put the yolk upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
Hath too much mangl'd; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, [laws;
Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our
Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

LUC. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
(*Cæsar*, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then: — War, and confusion,
In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted: — Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

CYM. Thou art welcome, *Caius*.
Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,

Behoooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us af-
terwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if
you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the bet-
ter for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Crm. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter *PISANIO*.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? — *Leonatus*!

O, master! what a strange infection

Is faln into thy ear? What false *Italian*

(As pois'nous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take-in some virtue. — O my master,

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I

Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity: — O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? — Lo, here she comes:*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMO. How now, *Pisanio*?

PIS. Madam, here † is a letter from my lord.

IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? *Leonatus*?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him, —
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physick love) of his content,
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: — Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid*'s tables. — Good news, gods!

[reads.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in
his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, o the
dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your
eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-
Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise*

you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your encreasing in love

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*: Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. — If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? — Then, true *Pisanio*,
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord: who long'st, —
 O, let me bate, — but not like me: yet long'st;
 But in a fainter kind: o, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick,
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*: And, by the way,
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 To our return, to excuse: but, first, how get hence:
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt fun and fun,
 Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'the clock's behalf: — But this is foolery: —
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,

A riding suit; no coslier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

IMO. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but *Milford* way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A mountainous Country.*

Enter, from a Cave, BELARIUS; then,

GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! — Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GVI. Hail, heaven!

ARV. Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon' hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:

*4 ours: Sleepe Boyes,

And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpay'd-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes 'em fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

GVI. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o'the nest ; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

ARV. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The wind and rain beat dark *December*, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

BEL. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o'the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb

7 makes him fine 17 Prison, or a

Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o'the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dyes i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'fy at the censure: — O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With *Roman* swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUI. Uncertain favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to *Cymbeline*
I was confederate with the *Romans*: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
'This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys,

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive. [meanly
 They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up thus
 I the cave, where on the bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,—
 The heir of *Cymbeline*, and *Britain*, whom
 The king his father call'd *Guiderius*,—*Jove* !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say, *Thus mine enemy fell* ;
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, *Cadwal*,
 (Once, *Arvirágus*) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rouz'd.
 O *Cymbeline*, heaven, and my conscience, knows
 Thou did'st unjustly banish me : whereon,
 At two, and three years old, I stole these babes ;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to thy grave :
 Myself, *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit BELARIUS.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the above Country.**Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.*

IMO. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

Was near at hand :— Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :— *Pisanio ! Man !*
Where is *Posthumus* ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?

[*Pisanio reaches her out a Letter.*]

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's hand !
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-crafty'd him,
And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man ; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMO. [*reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the
strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in
me. I speak not out of weak surmises ; but from proof as
strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge.
That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be
not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands*

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take away her life : I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : Where if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander ; Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile* ; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, madam ?

IMO. False to his bed ! What is it, to be false ? To lye in watch there, and to think on him ? To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed ? Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

IMO. I false ? Thy conscience witness : — *Jachimo*, Thou did'st accuse him of incontinency ; Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks, Thy favour's well enough. — Some jay of *Italy*, Whose feather was her painting, hath betray'd him : Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ript ; to pieces with me. — O ! Men's vows are women's traitors : All good seeming, By thy revolt, o husband, shall be thought Put on for villany ; not born, where't grows ; But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
Were, in his time, thought false : and *Sinon's* weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
From most true wretchedness : So, thou, *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honest :
Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience : Look,
I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument ;
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart ;—
Something's afore't : Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor

Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, *Posthumus*, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb intreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:

I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false strook, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again:

IMO. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this curst injury.

IMO. Some *Roman* courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

IMO. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live? /
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court, —

IMO. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, *Cloten*;
That *Cloten*, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

IMO. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they not but in *Britain*? I'the world's volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

IMO. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman: change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it's pretty self) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, o, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

IMO. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

PIS. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(’Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble *Lucius*
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you’re happy, (which you’ll make him know,
If that his head have ear in musick) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

IMO. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am foldier to, and will abide it with
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

PIS. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Left, being miss’d, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here † is a box; I had it from the queen;
What’s in’t is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm’d at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: May the gods
Direct you to the best!

IMO. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

† which will make

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Others.

CRM. Thus far ; and so farewell.

LUC. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

CRM. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yolk ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

LUC. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*. —

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and yours !

CRM. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit : —
So, farewell, noble *Lucius*.

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLO. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

CRM. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my lords,
'Till he have cross'd the *Severn*. — Happiness !

[Exit LUCIUS, attended.]

Que. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

CLO. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant *Britains* have their wishes in it.

CRM. *Lucius* hath wrot already to the emperor

16 and you.

How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
 Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
 The powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
 Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
 His war for *Britain*.

Que. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
 But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
 Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
 Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
 Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
 The duty of the day : She looks as like
 A thing more made of malice, than of duty ;
 We have noted it. — Call her before us ; for
 We have been too light in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Que. Royal sir,
 Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
 Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
 Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Att. Please you, sir.
 Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
 That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Que. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
 Whereunto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpay'd to you,

Which dayly she was bound to proffer : this
 She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ? [prove false!
 Not seen of late ? — Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,

[*Exeunt CYMBELINE, and Attendants.*

Que. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, *Pisanio* her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Que. Go, look after. — [Exit CLOTEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus* ! —

He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd *Posthumus* : Gone she is,
 To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
 Can make good use of either : She being down,
 I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
 Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages, none
 Dare come about him.

Que. All the better : May
 This night fore-tell him of the coming day !

[Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her : for she's fair, and royal ;
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,

Out-sells them all : I love her therefore ; But
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall — Who is here ? — What, are you packing, sirrah ?
 Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
 Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus* ?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
 He is in *Rome*.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
 No farther halting ; satisfy me home,
 What is become of her,

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word, — no more of worthy lord, —
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
 This † paper is the history of my knowledge

Touching her flight.

CLO. Let's see't : — I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus*' throne.

PRIS. "Or this, or perish."

"She's far enough ; and what he learns by this,"

"May prove his travel, not her danger."

CLO. Humh !

PRIS. "I'll write to my lord, she's dead : — O, *Imogen*,
"gen,"

"Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !"

CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

PRIS. Sir, as I think.

CLO. It is *Posthumus*' hand ; I know't. — Sirrah, if
thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service ;
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry, — that
is, what villany so-e'er I bid thee do, to perform it,
directly and truly, — I would think thee an honest man :
thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief,
nor my voice for thy preferment.

PRIS. Well, my good lord.

CLO. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar *Posthumus*, thou can'st not in the course of gra-
titude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou
serve me ?

PRIS. Sir, I will.

CLO. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

PRIS. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

CLO. The first service thou dost me, fetch me that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

PIS. I shall, my lord. [Exit PISANIO.

CLO. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*: — (I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:) Even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. — I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Cloaths.

Be those the garments?

PIS. Ay, my noble lord.

CLO. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

PIS. She can scarce be there yet.

CLO. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at *Milford*; 'Would I had wings to follow it! — Come, and be true.

[Exit CLOTEN.]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss : for, true to thee,
 Were to prove false, which I will never be,
 To him that is most true. — To *Milford* go,
 And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
 You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
 Be crost with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [Exit.

SCENE VI. Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Cloaths.

IMO. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
 I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. — *Milford*,
 When from the mountain top *Pisania* shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken : O *Jove* ! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lye,
 That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fulness
 Is forer, than to lye for need ; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars. — My dear lord,
 Thou art one o'the false ones : Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. — But what is this ?
 Here is a path to't : 'Tis some savage hold :
 I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. — Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,

Take, or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, *ye* good heavens! [Exit.]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS. *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: *Cadwal*, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and dye,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself! [Exit, to the Cave.]

GUI. I am thoroughly weary.

ARV. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUI. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [that,

Re-enter BELARIUS.

BEL. Stay; come not in:—
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

GUI. What's the matter, sir?

BEL. By *Jupiter*, an angel: or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought [troth,
 To have beg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good

I have stoln nought ; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted so
With prayers for the provider.

GUI. Money, youth ?

ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMO. I see, you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

BEL. Whither bound ?

IMO. To *Milford-Haven*, sir.

BEL. What is your name ?

IMO. *Fidele*, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy* ; he embark'd at *Milford* ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am faln in this offence.

BEL. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUI. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty ;
I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.

ARV. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother : —
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours : Most welcome !

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMO. "'mongst friends!"

"If brothers? — 'Would it had been so, that they"

"Had been my father's sons! then had my price"

"Been less; and so more equal ballancing"

"To thee, *Posthumus*."

BEL. He wrings at some distress.

GUI. 'Would, I could free't!

ARV. Or I; whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

BEL. Hark, boys.

[*talks with them apart.*]

IMO. "Great men,

"That had a court no bigger than this cave,"

"That did attend themselves, and had the virtue"

"Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by"

"That nothing gift of differing multitudes)"

"Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!"

"I'd change my sex to be companion with them,"

"Since *Leonatus* is false."

BEL. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,

So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUI. Pray, draw near.

[*welcome.*]

ARV. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less

IMO. Thanks, sir.

ARV. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Rome. *The Senate-house.*

Enter certain Senators, and Tribunes.

1. S. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;

* prize 5 ballasting

That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*;
 And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off *Britains*; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

Tri. Is *Lucius* general of the forces?

2. S. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1. S. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Country near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

CLO. I am near to th' place where they should
 meet, if *Pisanio* have map'd it truly. How fit his gar-
 ments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was
 made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the
 rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, A
 woman's fitness comes by fits: Therein I must play
 the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not
 vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his

own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tyed up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose. Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Before the Cave.

*Enter, from it, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

BEL. You are not well: [*to Imo.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting,

ARV. Brother, stay here:

Are we not brothers?

IMO. So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

GVI. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

IMO. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to dye, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
 Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
 Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
 Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
 To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
 Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
 I'll rob none but myself ; and let me dye,
 Stealing so poorly.

GVI. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
 As much the quantity, the weight as much,
 As I do love my father.

BEL. What ? how ? how ?

ARV. If it be sin to say so, fir, I yoak me
 In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
 I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,
 And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

BEL. "O noble strain !"

"O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !"

"Cowards father cowards, and base things fire base :"

"Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace."

"I am not their father ; yet who this should be,"

"Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me."

"Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

ARV. Brother, farewell.

IMO. I wish ye sport.

ARV. You health. — So please you, fir.

IMO. "These are kind creatures. Gods, what lyes I"
 "have heard !"

"Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :"

"Experience, o, thou disprov'st report !"

"The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,"

"Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

"I am sick still ; heart-sick : *Pisano*,

"I'll now taste of thy drug.

GVI. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARV. So did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

BEL. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

ARV. We'll not be long away.

BEL. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our huswife.

IMO. Well, or ill,

I am still bound to you.

BEL. And shalt be ever. — [Exit IMOGEN.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

ARV. How angel-like he sings !

GVI. But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in
characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her dieter.

ARV. Nobly he yoaks

A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

GVI. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

²¹ Cookery ? | *Arvi.* He ³² in them both

Mingle their spurs together.

ARV. Grow, patience;
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine.

BEL. It is great morning; Come, away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

CLO. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint—

BEL. "Those runagates!"
"Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis"
"Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush."
"I saw him not these many years, and yet"
"I know 'tis he: We are held as outlaws; Hence."

GUI. "He is but one: You and my brother search"
"What companies are near: pray you, away;"
"Let me alone with him."

[Exeunt BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

CLO. Soft; What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

GUI. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock

CLO. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

GUI. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

CLO. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my cloaths?

GVI. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLO. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

GVI. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loth to beat thee.

CLO. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble,

GVI. What's thy name ?

CLO. *Cloten*, thou villain.

GVI. *Cloten*, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad,
'Twould move me sooner.

CLO. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

GVI. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

CLO. Art not afeard ?

GVI. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLO. Dye the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town set your heads :
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. No company's abroad,

ARV. None in the world : You did mistake him, sure.

BEL. I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,

*4 Toad, or Adder, Spider, | 'Twould

But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

ARV. In this place we left them ;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors : For defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear, — But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Head.

GUI. This *Cloten* was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

BEL. What hast thou done ?

GUI. I am perfect what : cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thanks to the gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud's* town.

BEL. We are all undone.

GUI. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad ?

BEL. No fingle foul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

ARV. Let ordinance

Come as the gods forefay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

BEL. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele's* sickness
Did make my way long forth.

GUI. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, *Cloten*:
That's all I reckon.

[*Exit GUIDERIUS.*]

BEL. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, *Paladour*, thou had'st not don't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARV. 'Would I had don't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me! — *Paladour*,
 I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
 Thou hast rob'd me of this deed: I would, revenges.
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
 And put us to our answer.

BEL. Well, 'tis done: —

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
 You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
 'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
 To dinner presently.

ARV. Poor sick *Fidele*!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
 I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
 And praise myself for charity. [*Exit ARVIRAGUS.*]

BEL. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not waging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
 What *Cloten's* being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

GUI. Where's my brother?

¹⁷ Nature; thou thyself

I have sent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*solemn Musick.*]

BEL. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hark.

GUI. Is he at home?

BEL. He went hence even now. [*mother,*]

GUI. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN,
as dead, in his Arms.*

BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

ARV. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

GUI. O sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

BEL. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze? or shew what coast thou, sluggish care,
Might'st easil'est harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but, ah!

¹ ingenious ³⁰ Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish ³² but I

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! —
How found you him?

ARV. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickl'd slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

GVI. Where?

ARV. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GVI. Why, he-but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come there.

ARV. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the raddock would,
With charitable bill, (o bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and fur'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-gown thy corse.

GVI. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave.

ARV. Say, where shall's lay him ?

GVI. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

ARV. Be't so :

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the manish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

GVI. *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lye.

ARV. We'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He has pay'd for that : Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

GVI. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

ARV. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

GVI. Nay, *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

ARV. 'Tis true.

GVI. Come on then, and remove him.

ARV. So, — Begin.

SONG.

GUI.

*Fear no more the heat of the sun,
nor the furious winter's rages;
thou thy worldly task hast done,
home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
golden lads and girls all must,
as chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

ARV.

*Fear no more the frown o'the great,
thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
care no more to cloath, and eat;
to thee the reed is as the oak:
the scepter, learning, physick, must
all follow this, and come to dust.*

GUI.

Fear no more the light'ning-flash,

ARV.

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

GUI.

Fear no slander, censure rash;

ARV.

*Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
both.*

*All lovers young, all lovers must
consign to thee, and come to dust.*

GUI.

No exorciser harm thee!

ARV.

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

GUI.

Ghost unlay'd forbear thee!

ARV.

Nothing ill come near thee!
both.

Quiet consummation have;
and renowned be thy grave!

Re enter BELARIUS, *with* Cloten's Body. [down.

GUI. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him

BEL. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'the night
Are strewings fit't for graves. Upon their faces: —
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow. —
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. and ARV.

IMO. [*waking.*] Yes, sir, to *Milford-Haven*; Which is the
I thank you. By yond' bush? Pray, how far thither? [way?
Od's-pitikins! can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, I'll lye down, and sleep.
But, soft; no bedfellow: — O gods, and goddesses!
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope, I dream;
For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

14 so are their 23 For so I.

A headless man! The garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot *Mercurial*; his *Martial* thigh;
 The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *Jovial* face —
 Murther in heaven? How? — 'Tis gone. — *Pisanio*,
 All curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous: Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath, with his forged letters, — damn'd *Pisanio* —
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Strook the main-top. — O *Posthumus*! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left thy head on. — How should this be? *Pisanio*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s: O! —
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter, as in March, Lucius, a Captain,
 and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

9 Hath heere 16 left this head

Cap. The senate hath stir'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*; willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Jachimo*,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit of the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. — Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Soo. Last night, the very gods shew'd me a vision:
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus:—
I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho; what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. — How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, to sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did it,

² Italy, most willing ¹⁴ wing'd ²⁵ defunct, or sleepe

Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? and who is it ?
What art thou ?

IMO. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain : — Alas !
'There are no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

LUC. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master bleeding : Say his name, good friend.

IMO. *Richard du Champ.* “ If I do lye, and do ”
“ No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope ”
“ They'll pardon it ” Say you, sir ?

LUC. Thy name ?

IMO. *Fidele*, sir.

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

IMO. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;

2 How came't ? Who is't ? 14 Master in bl-

And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee. —
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him. — Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be chearful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE; PISANIO, Lords,
and other Attendants.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
[to an Attendant; who goes out.]

A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger: — Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, ~~thet~~, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

Nor when the purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1. *L.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For *Cloten*,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him ;
And he'll, no doubt, be found.

CRM. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

2. *L.* So please your majesty,
The *Roman* legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of *Roman* gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CRM. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter.

1. *L.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less [ready :
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
' That long to move.

CRM. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here. Away.

[*Exeunt CYMBELINE, Lords, and Attendants.*]

PIS. I have had no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, *Imogen* was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I

What is betid to *Cloten* ; but remain
 Perplex in all. The heavens still must work :
 Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, true :
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note of the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Ex.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

GUI. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure ?

GUI. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us ? this way, the *Romans*
 Must or for *Britains* slay us ; or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts
 During their use, and slay us after.

BEL. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going : newness
 Of *Cloten's* death (we being not known, nor muster'd
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
 Which we have done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture.

GUI. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

ARV. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,

3 true, to be true 32 heare their Roman

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

BEL. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeles
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GVI. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

ARV. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man dye ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am agham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GVI. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not, .

The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.

ARV. So say I ; Amen.

BEL. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to dye,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye : [scorn,
Lead, lead. — The time seems long ; their blood thinks
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

*SCENE I. A Field, in the above Country, between
the British and Roman Camps. Enter POSTHUMUS,
with a bloody Handkerchief.*

Pos. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You marry'd ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little ? — O *Pisanio*,
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent ; and strook
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

4 since of your 15 I am wisht 12 dread it,

But *Imogen* is your own : Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey ! — I am brought hither
 Amongst the *Italian* gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
 As does a *Britain* peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll dye
 For thee, o *Imogen*, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'the *Leonati* in me !
 To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter, from opposite Sides, Lucius,
 Jachimo, and the Roman Army : then, the Britain Army ;
 Posthumus following it, like a poor Soldier : They march
 over, and go out. Alarums as of a Battle begun. Enter,
 in Skirmish, several little Parties ; with them, JACHIMO
 and Posthumus : he vanquisheth and disarmeth Jachimo,
 and then leaves him.*

Jac. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me ; Or could this carl,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me

In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, born
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before

This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds

Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britains fly,

Cymbeline is taken: Then, Enter, to his Rescue,

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. Stand, stand! we have the advantage of the
ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but

The villany of our fears. 7

GUI. ARV. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britains:

They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt. Then, Enter

LUCIUS, JACHIMO. and Imogen.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As war were hood-wink'd.

JAC. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUC. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes

Let's re-inforce, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Pos. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Pos. No blame be to you, fir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

And but the backs of *Britains* seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, strook down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through fear; that the strait pass was dam'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To dye with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Pos. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf:
Which gave advantage to an ancient foldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts dye flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks, [and
Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some, turn'd cow-
But by example (O, a sin in war,

Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 A stop i'the chacer, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, become
 'The life o'the need) having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-born i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would dye or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Pos. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rime upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Pos. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rime.

Lord. Farewel; you're angry. [Exit Lord.]

Pos. Still going?—This is a lord: O noble misery!
 To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!

⁶ stop ⁷ strides the victors ⁸ became

To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,
 And yet dy'd too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
 Nor feel him, where he strook : Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i'the war. Well, I will find him :
 For, being now a favourer to the *Britain*,
 No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in : Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the *Roman* ; great the answer be
Britains must take : For me, my ransom's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Britain Captains, and Soldiers.

1. C. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd ! *Lucius* is taken :
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2. C. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1. C. So 'tis reported ;
 But none of them can be found. — Who's there ?

Pos. A *Roman* ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2. C. Lay hands on him ; A dog !
 A leg of *Rome* shall not return, to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

25 found. Stand, who's

*Enter Cymbeline, and Train;
Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman
Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline,
who delivers him over to a Jailor: after which,
all go out.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in a Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Jailers.

1. J. You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon
So, graze, as you find pasture. [you;

2. J. Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Jailers.

Pos. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these † locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my thanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gives,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
I d'off my freedom, 'tis the main part; take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

²⁵ If of my

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold † bonds: O *Imogen!*
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [he sleeps.

Solemn Musick.

*Enter, as in an Apparition, Sicillius Leonatus,
 Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a
 Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his
 Wife, and Mother to Posthumus, with Musick before
 them: Then, after other Musick, follow the two
 young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with Wounds
 as they dyed in the Wars: They circle Posthumus
 round, as he lyes sleeping.*

Fath.

No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 thy spite on mortal flies:
 With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
 that thy adulteries

Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 attending nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
 thou orphans' father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth.

Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throws;

* That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
 * came crying 'mongst his foes,
 * A thing of pity.

* *Fath.*

* Great nature, like his ancestry,
 * molded the stuff so fair,
 * That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
 * as great *Sicillius*' heir.

* 1. B.

* When once he was mature for man,
 * in *Britain* where was he
 * That could stand up his parallel;
 * or fruitful object be
 * In eye of *Imogen*, that best
 * could deem his dignity?

* *Moth.*

* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 * to be exil'd, and thrown
 * From *Leonati*' feat; and cast
 * from her his dearest one,

* Sweet *Imogen*?

* *Fath.*

* Why did you suffer *Jachimo*,
 * slight thing of *Italy*,
 * To taint his nobler heart and brain
 * with needful jealousy;
 * And to become the geck and scorn
 * o' the other's villany?

* 2. B.

* For this, from stiller seats we came,
 * our parents, and us twain,
 * That, striking in our country's cause,

fell bravely, and were slain ;
 Our fealty, and *Tenantius*' right,
 with honour to maintain.

1. *B.*

Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
 to *Cymbeline* perform'd :
 Then, *Jupiter*, thou king of gods,
 why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due ;
 being all to dolours turn'd ?

Fath.

Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
 no longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 and potent injuries :

Moth.

Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
 take off his miseries.

Fath.

Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
 or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 against thy deity :

Brothers.

Help, *Jupiter* ; or we appeal,
 and from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting
 upon his Eagle : He throws a Thunderbolt :
 the Ghosts fall on their Knees.*

JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing ; hush : How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,

* Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 * Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence; and rest
 * Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 * Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
 * No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 * Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 * The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 * Your low-lay'd son our godhead will uplift;
 * His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 * Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in
 * Our temple was he marry'd:—Rise, and fade:—
 * He shall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
 * And happier much by his affliction made.
 * This † tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 * Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 * And so, away: no farther with your din
 * Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 * Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[JUPITER *ascends*.]

* *Fath.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 * Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 * Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 * More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
 * Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 * As when his god is pleas'd.

* *all.* Thanks, *Jupiter*!

* *Fath.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 * His radiant roof:—Away; and, to be blest,
 * Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish*.]

Pos. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and
 begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers: But (o scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake. Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:

[*seeing the Tablet.*]

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why:
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangl'd world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*reads*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender
 air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches,
 which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be
 jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
 Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
 flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not: either, or both, or nothing:
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot unty. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

1. J. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Pos. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

1. J. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for

that, you are well cook'd.

Pos. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

1. *J.* A heavy reck'ning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Pos. I am merrier to dye, than thou art to live.

1. *J.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Pos. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

1. *J.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Pos. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes,

to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

1. *J.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king.

Pos. Thou bring'st good news, — I am call'd to be made free.

1. *J.* I'll be hang'd then.

Pos. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS, Messenger, and 2. Jailer.]

1. *J.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and begget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too, that dye against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of jailers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. A Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS; PISANIO; Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,

Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

CRM. No tidings of him ? [ving,

PIS. He hath been search'd among the dead and liv'd
But no trace of him.

CRM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[to Belarius, and Sons.

By whom, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are : report it.

BEL. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

CRM. Bow your knees :
Arise my knights o'the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.
There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'the court of *Britain*.

COR. Hail, great king !
To four your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Marry'd your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ? — Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown.
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
 Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lad. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
 To have mistrusted her: yet, o my daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter, guarded, LUCIUS, JACHIMO, the Soothsayer,
 and other Roman Prisoners; POSTHUMUS behind,
 and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
 The *Britains* have ras'd out; though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
 So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
 Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
 A *Roman* with a *Roman's* heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will intreat; My boy, [*shewing* Imo.] a *Britain* born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny; he hath done no *Britain* harm,
 Though he have serv'd a *Roman*: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Crm. I have surely seen him;
 His favour is familiar to me:— Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
 Mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore, but
 I say, live, boy; ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing [*eying* Jac.
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly dye their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Crm. What would'st thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more; think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin, thy friend?

IMO. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

CRM. Wherefore ey'st him so?

IMO. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

CRM. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

IMO. *Fidele*, sir.

CRM. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*They converse aside.*]

BEL. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

ARV. One sand

Another not resembles more, than he
That sweet and rosy lad, who dy'd, and was

Fidele: — What think you?

GVI. The same dead thing alive. [bear,

BEL. Peace, peace, see further; he eyes us not; for-
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

GVI. But we saw him dead.

BEL. Be silent; let's see further.

PIS. "It is my mistress:"

"Since she is living, let the time run on"

"To good, or bad."

[side;

CRM. Come, [*to Imo. advancing*] stand thou by our
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to Jac.*] step you forth,
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.— On, speak to him.

IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POS. “What’s that to him?”

CRM. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

JAC. Thou’lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CRM. How! me?

JAC. I am glad to be constrain’d to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; ’twas *Leonatus’* jewel, [thee,
Whom thou did’st banish; and (which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler fir ne’er liv’d
’Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord!

CRM. All that belongs to this.

JAC. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

CRM. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should’st live while nature will,
Than dye ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

JAC. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That strook the hour!) it was in *Rome*, (accurs’d
The mansion where!) ’twas at a feast, (o, would
Our viands had been poison’d! or, at least,
Those which I heav’d to head!) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among the rar’st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of *Italy*

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak : for feature, laming
 The shrine of *Venus*, or strait-pight *Minerva*,
 Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye :

CYM. I stand on fire :

Come to the matter.

JAC. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 (Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

CYM. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

JAC. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of *Phæbus'* wheel ; and might so safely, had it

Been all the worth of his car. Away to *Britain*
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
 'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
 That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this † her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
 Methinks, I see him now, —
 Pos. Ay, so thou dost, [rushing forward.]
Italian fiend: — Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! — Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lye;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't: — the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'the street to bay me : every villain
Be call'd, *Posthumus Leonatus* ; and
Be villany less than 'twas. — O *Imogen* !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen !

IMO. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear.

POS. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
There lye thy part. [*striking her : She falls.*]

PIS. O, gentlemen, help, help ! [*catching her.*]
Mine, and your mistress—O my lord *Posthumus* !
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now : — Help, help ! —
Mine honour'd lady !

CYM. Does the world go round ?

POS. How come these staggers on me ?

PIS. Wake, my mistress.

CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

PIS. How fares my mistress ?

IMO. O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence ;
Breath not where princes are.

CYM. The tune of *Imogen* !

PIS. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If that I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

CYM. New matter still ?

IMO. It poison'd me.

COR. O gods ! —

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : If *Pisano*
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gvi. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [to Post. hanging upon his Neck.

Pos. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree dye.

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead,

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

CYM. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

PIS. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to *Milford* ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchast purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

GVI. [*advancing*] Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

CYM. Marry, the gods fore-fend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

GVI. I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYM. He was a prince.

GVI. A most uncivil one : The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYM. I am sorry for thee :

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou'rt dead.

IMO. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender, [to his Guard.]
And take him from our presence.

BEL. [*advancing, with Arv.*] Stay, fir king:
'This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone;
'They were not born for bondage.

CYM. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpay'd for,
By hasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

ARV. In that he spake too far.

CYM. And thou shalt dye for't.

BEL. We will dye all three:
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. — My fons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

ARV. Your danger's ours.

GVI. Ay, and our good is his:

BEL. Have at it then. —
By leave; Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*:

CYM. What of him? he is
'A banish'd traitor.

BEL. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;

I know not how, a traitor.

CRM. Take him hence;

The whole world shall not save him.

BEL. Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I've receiv'd it.

CRM. Nursing of my sons?

BEL. I am too blunt, and faucy: Here's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

Then, spare not the old father. Mighty fir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting.

CRM. How! my issue?

BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

(For such, and so they are) these twenty years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I

Could put into them; and my breeding was,

Sir, as your highness knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;

Having receiv'd the punishment before,

For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty

Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious fir,

Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world : —
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

CYM. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

BEL. Be pleas'd a while.
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius* :
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

CYM. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

BEL. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

CYM. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more : — Blest may you be ;
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now ! — O *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMO. No, my lord ;

28 Blest, pray you

I have got two worlds by't. — O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

CYM. Did you e'er meet?

ARV. Ay, my good lord.

GUL. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he dy'd.

COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYM. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve long inter-rogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. — Let's quit this ground,
And smoak the temple with our sacrifices. —

Thou art my brother; [*to Bel.*] So we'll hold thee ever.

IMO. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

CYM. All ore-joy'd,

5 when we were 16 Brother? 17 whether these? 22 serve our long

Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMO. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUC. Happy be you !

CRM. The forlorn foldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

POS. I am, fir,
The foldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd : — That I was he,
Speak, *Jachimo* ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

JAC. I am down again : [*kneeling.*]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring † first ;
And here † the bracelet of the truest princeſs
That ever swore her faith.

POS. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you is, to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

CRM. Nobly doom'd :
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You help us, fir, [*to Pos.*]
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

POS. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your soothfayer : As I slept, methought,

Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
 Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
 Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
 This † label on my bosom ; whose containing
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection of it : let him shew
 His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmonus*, —

Soo. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soo. [reads.] *When as a lyon's whelp shall, to himself
 unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
 of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
 branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
 vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then
 shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
 and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lyon's whelp ;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being *Leo-natus*, doth import so much.
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [to *Cym.*
 Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
 Is thy most constant wife ; [to *Pos.*] who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
 With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Soo. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
 Personates thee : And thy lopt branches point
 Thy two sons forth : who, by *Belarius* stoln,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises *Britain* peace and plenty.

Crm. Well,

By peace we will begin : — And, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Soo. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to *Lucius*, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the *Roman* eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.

Crm. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. — Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A *Roman* and a *British* ensign wave
Friendly together : so through *Lud*'s town march ;
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts. —
Set on there : — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Ex.*]

4 My Peace 9 Whom heavens in Justice—Have laid 14 yet this

K I N G

L E A R.

Persons represented.

Lear, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwal.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, *Son to Gloster:*
Edmund, *bastard Son of the same:*
Curan, a *Domestick,* } *of the same.*
Old man, *Tenant* }
Oswald, *Steward to Goneril.*
Fool, attending Lear:
Gentleman, attending the same.
a Physician; Herald;
Officer, following Edmund:
Officers in the Troops of Albany, four;
Servants to Cornwal, three;
Messengers, two.

Goneril, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

Divers Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French and British.

Scene, Britain.

K I N G L E A R.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A State-room in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

KEN. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of *Albany*, than *Cornwal*.

GLO. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KEN. Is not this your son, my lord ?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

KEN. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : where-upon she grew round-wombed ; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

KEN. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it

being so proper.

GLO. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came something faucily into the world before he was sent for : yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledg'd.—Do you know this noble gentleman, *Edmund*?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of *Kent* : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KEN. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again : — The king is coming.

Flourish ; and Enter LEAR, attended ;

CORNWAL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, and
CORDELIA.

LEA. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloster*.

GLO. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and EDM.*]

LEA. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.
The map † there. — Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age ;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. — Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, *France* and *Bur-*
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, [*gundy,*

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
 (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where merit doth most challenge it. — *Goneril*,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON. Sir, I do love you
 Far more than words can wield the matter : I love you
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty ;
 Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare ;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour :
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

COR. "What shall *Cordelia* do? Love, and be silent."

LEA. Of all these † bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champaigns rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady : To thine and *Albany's* issue
 Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest *Regan*, wife to *Cornwal*? Speak.

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find, she names my very deed of love ;
 Only she comes too short : that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

COR. "Then poor *Cordelia* !"

"And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's"
 "More richer than my tongue."

LEA. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third † of our fair kingdom ;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that confer'd on *Goneril*.—Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least in our dear love,
 What can you say, to win a third more opulent
 Than your ~~two~~ sisters ?

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEA. How !

COR. Nothing.

LEA. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
 According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

LEA. Go to, go to ; mend me your speech a little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you, all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

LEA. But goes thy heart with this ?

COR. Ay, my good lord.

LEA. So young, and so untender ?

COR. So young, my lord, and true.

LEA. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
 The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pity'd, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

KEN. Good my liege,—

LEA. Peace, *Kent*;

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
 So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her.—Call *France*; Who flirs?
 Call *Burgundy*.—[*Exit an Att.*] *Cornwal*, and *Albany*,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this † third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Preheminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we retain
 The name; the additions to a king, the sway,
 Revenue, execution, and the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,

This coronet † part between you.

KEN. Royal *Lear*, [in Action of preventing him.
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

LEA. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KEN. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad. What would'st thou do, old man ?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness honour's
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ; [bound,
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness : answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

LEA. *Kent*, on thy life, no more.

KEN. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

LEA. Out of my sight !

KEN. See better, *Lear* ; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

LEA. Now, by *Apollo*,—

KEN. Now, by *Apollo* ! King, thou swear'st thy gods
in vain.

LEA. O, vassal ! miscreant !

[in Action of drawing his Sword.

ALB. COR. Dear sir, forbear. [interposing.

KEN. Do ; Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

LEA. Hear me, recreant ;
On thine allegiance, hear me ! —
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come between our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : Away ! By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd.

KEN. Fare thee well, king: fith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said ! —
And, you, large speakers, may your deeds approve
That good effects may spring from words of love. —
Thus *Kent*, o princes, bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.

GLO. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

LEA. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter ; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

²¹ your large speeches

BUR. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

LEA. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If ought within that little, seeming, substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BUR. I know no answer.

LEA. Sir, Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up on such conditions. [me,

LEA. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made
I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRA. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it: or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall'n into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

COR. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known,
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchast action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
But even the want of that, for which I am richer ;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEA. Better thou had'st not been born,
Than not to have pleas'd me better.

FRA. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do ? — My lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the lady ? Love's not love,
When it is mingl'd with regards, and stands
Aloof from the entire point : ~~Say~~, will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

BUR. Royal *Lear*,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheffs of *Burgundy*.

LEA. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

BUR. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

COR. Peace be with *Burgundy* !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,

11 even for want 21 regards, that stands

I shall not be his wife.

FRA. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

LEA. Thou hast her, *France*: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again: — Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison. —
Come, noble *Burgundy*.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WAL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

FRA. Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professing bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

GON. Prescribe not us our duties.

REG. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

As fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted, [wanted.
And well are worth to want the worth that you have

COR. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover'd faults at last with shame decides.
Well may you prosper!

FRA. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE, and CORDELIA.

GON. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what
most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father
will hence to-night.

REG. That's most certain, and with you; next month
with us.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation we have made of it hath not been little:
he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor
judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash; then must we look to receive from his age not
alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition,
but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm
and cholerick years bring with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

GON. There is further compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let us sit together:
If our father carry authority, with such dispositions as
he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think on't.

GON. We must do something, and i'the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.**Enter EDMUND.*

EDM. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound: Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
 The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well then,
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard *Edmund*,
 As to the legitimate: Fine word, legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this † letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: —
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. *Kent* banish'd thus! And *France* in choler parted!
 And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
 Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
 Upon the gad! — *Edmund*! How now? What news?

EDM. So please your lordship, none.

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLO. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLO. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLO. Let's see, let's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLO. [*reads*] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother*

Edgar.

Hum—Conspiracy!—*Sleep 'till I wak'd him,—you should enjoy half his revenue.*—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLO. You know the character to be your brother's?

EDM. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLO. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

GLO. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business?

EDM. Never, my lord: But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLO. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain; worse than brutish!—Go, firrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLO. Think you so?

EDM. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster.

EDM. Nor is not, sure.

GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loves him. Heaven and earth! — *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from byas of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollow-ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. — Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: — And the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his offence, honesty! Strange, strange! [Exit GLOSTER.]

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and trechers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by

a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of stars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous: — I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkl'd on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

“*Edgar!* Pat; He comes like the catastrophe of the”
 “old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with”
 “a sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam*. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!”

EDG. How now, brother *Edmund*? What serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, 'till some little time hath qualify'd the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that without the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent

forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my † key: — If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

EDG. Arm'd, brother?

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business. —

[Exit EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easy! — I see the business. —
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[Exit EDMUND.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, and Steward.

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Ste. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle: — When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
 If you come slack of former services,
 You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

[Horns within.]

Ste. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,
 You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:—
 If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
 That still would manage those authorities
 That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
 Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
 With checks, not flatteries when they are seen abus'd.
 Remember what I have said.

Ste. Very well, madam.

GON. And let his knights have colder looks among
 you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
 I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
 To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV. *An outer Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguis'd.

KEN. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 That can my speech deface, my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,

Shall find thee full of labours. [Horns.

Enter LEAR, Gentleman, Knights,
and Attendants.

LEA. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
[to an Attendant, who goes out.

How now, what art thou?

KEN. A man, sir. [with us?

LEA. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou

KEN. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

LEA. What art thou? [the king.

KEN. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as

LEA. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

KEN. Service.

LEA. Whom would'st thou serve?

KEN. You.

LEA. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KEN. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

LEA. What's that?

KEN. Authority.

LEA. What services can'st thou do?

KEN. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

LEA. How old art thou?

KEN. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for sing-

ing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

LEA. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave, my fool? Go you, [*to an Attendant.*] and call my fool hither:—

Enter Steward.

You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Ste. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

LEA. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep.—How now, where's that mungrel?

Gen. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEA. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Gen. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEA. He would not!

Gen. My lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

LEA. Ha! say'st thou so?

Gen. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

LEA. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool?

I have not seen him this two days.

Gen. Since my young lady's going into *France*, fir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEA. No more of that; I have noted it.—Go you, [*to one Attendant.*] and tell my daughter, I would speak with her.—Go you, [*to another*] call hither my fool.—O,

Re-enter Steward, brought back by an Attendant.

you fir, you fir, come you hither: Who am I, fir?

Ste. My lady's father.

LEA. My lady's father! my lord's knave: You whorson dog! you slave! you cur! [*don me.*]

Ste. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, par-

LEA. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

Ste. I'll not be struck, my lord.

[*in Posture of defending himself.*]

KEN. Nor tript neither; you base football-player.

[*tripping up his Heels.*]

LEA. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

KEN. Come, fir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[*driving him out.*]

LEA. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*giving Kent Money.*]

Enter Fool.

Foo. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*offering his Cap.*]

LEA. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Foo. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KEN. Why, fool?

Foo. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour: Nay, an thou can't not smile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

LEA. Why, my boy?

Foo. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's † mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEA. Take heed, firrah; the whip.

Foo. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipt out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and flink.

LEA. A pestilent gall to me!

Foo. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

KEN. Do.

Foo. Mark it, nuncle: —

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

KEN. This is nothing, fool.

Foo. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: — Can you make no use of

nothing, nuncle?

[thing.

LEA. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of no-

Foo. Pr'ythee, tell him, [*to Kent*] so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

LEA. A bitter fool!

Foo. Dost thou know the difference, nuncle; between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

LEA. No, lad; teach me.

Foo. That lord, that counsel'd thee
to give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
will presently appear;
The one in motley here †,
the other found out there †.

LEA. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Foo. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KEN. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Foo. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEA. What two crowns shall they be?

Foo. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown in the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like my-

self in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [singing.
for wise men are grown foppish;
and know not how their wits to wear,
their manners are so apish.*

LEA. When were you wont to be so full of songs, firrah?

FOO. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [singing.
and I for sorrow sung,
that such a king should play bo-peep,
and go the fool among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

LEA. If you lye, firrah, we'll have you whipt.

FOO. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one of the parings.

Enter GONERIL. [on?

LEA. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

FOO. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, [to Gon.] I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though

you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some. —

That's a shell'd peascod. [to Kent, *showing* Lear.

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licenc'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

FOO. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had it's head bit off by it's young:

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEA. Are you our daughter?

GON. Come, sir,

I would, you would make use of that good wisdom

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away

These dispositions, which of late transport you

From what you rightly are.

FOO. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? — Whoop, *Jug*! I love thee.

LEA. Does any here know me? — This is not *Lear*:
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? — Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargy'd,—Ha! waking? 'Tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foo. *Lear's shadow.*

LEA. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration, fir, is much o'the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:

You, as you are old and reverend, should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
•A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

LEA. Darknes and devils! —

Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

[rabble

GON. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

[come?

LEA. Woe, that too late repents, — O, fir, are you
Is it your will? speak, fir. — Prepare my horses. —
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,

Than the sea-monster!

ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEA. Detested kite, [*to Goneril.*] thou ly'st:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. — O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear,*
Beat at this gate, [*striking his Head*] that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people.

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

LEA. It may be so, my lord. —
Hear, nature! hear, dear goddesses; hear a father!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! — Away, away.

ALB. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GON. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

LEA. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap !
Within a fortnight !

ALB. What's the matter, sir ? [as Ham'd]

LEA. I'll tell thee ;— Life and death ! [to Gon.] I am
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee !
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee !— Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.— Ha ! is it come to this ?
Let it be so :— I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever ; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, Gen. and Att.*]

GON. Do you mark that, my lord ?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, *Goneril*,
To the great love I bear you,—

GON. Pray you, content.—
What, *Oswald*, ho !—

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

FOO. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool
with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter, .
If my cap would buy a halter ;
So the fool follows after. [Exit.

GON. This man hath had good counsel : A hundred
'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep, [knights!
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say ! —

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust too far :
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart :
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sifter ;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness, — How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sifter ?

Ste. Ay, madam.

GON. Take you some company, and away to horse :
Inform her full of my particular fear ;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more : So, get you gone ;
And hasten your return. [Exit Ste.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

GON. Nay, then —

ALB. Well, well, the event. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

LEA. Go you before to *Glocester* with these † letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KEN. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [Exit KENT.]

Foo. If a man's brains were in's heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

LEA. Ay, boy. [slip-shod.]

Foo. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go

LEA. Ha, ha, ha.

Foo. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEA. What can't tell, boy?

Foo. She'll taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou can't tell why one's nose stands i'the middle of one's face?

LEA. No.

Foo. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEA. I did her wrong:

Foo. Can't tell how an oister makes his shell?

LEA. No. [house.]

Foo. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a

LEA. Why?

Foo. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEA. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! —
Be my horses ready?

FOO. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why
the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

LEA. Because they are not eight?

FOO. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

LEA. To take it again perforce, — Monster, ingrati-
tude!

FOO. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

LEA. How's that? [hadst been wise.

FOO. Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou

LEA. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! —

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gen. Ready, my lord.

LEA. Come, boy. [*Exeunt LEAR, and Gentleman.*

FOO. She that is a maid now, and laughs at my de-
parture,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*to the Audience, as he goes out.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN, meeting.

EDM. Save thee, Curan.

CUR. And you, sir. I have been with your father;
and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and
Regan his dutchefs, will be here with him to-night.

EDM. How comes that?

CUR. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDM. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

CUR. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of *Cornwal* and *Albany*?

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit CUR.*]

EDM. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word, descend; brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of *Cornwal*? He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haste, And *Regan* with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of *Albany*? Advise yourself.

EDG. I am sure on't, not a word.

EDM. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me; In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you: Draw; Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. Yield; come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—Fly, brother; torches, torches:—[*Exit EDG.*] so, farewell. Some blood drawn on me would begot opinion

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
Do more than this † in sport. — *Why, father, father!*
Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

GLO. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain ?

EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress : —

GLO. But where is he ?

EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.

GLO. Where is the villain, *Edmund* ? [could —

EDM. Fled this † way, sir. When by no means he

GLO. Pursue him, ho ; go after. — [*Exit Servant.*] By
no means what ?

EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father ; — Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter ;
Or whether 'gasted by the noise I made, —
But suddenly he fled.

GLO. Let him fly far ;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And, found, dispatch'd : The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He reply'd,
*Thou unpossessing bastard, dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, could the reposeure
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character) would turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.*

GLO. Strong and fasten'd villain! [*Trumpets within.*]
Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got him.—
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable. [*Flourish.*]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

COR. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

REG. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your *Edgar*?

GLO. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

GLO. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.

EDM. Yes, madam, he was.

REG. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

COR. Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*. —

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

EDM. 'Twas my duty, sir.

GLO. He did bewray his practise; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

COR. Is he pursu'd?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

COR. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose
How in my strength you please. — For you, *Edmund*,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

EDM. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

5 tends

GLO. For him I thank your grace.

COR. You know not why we came to visit you,—

REG. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd night.
 Occasions, noble *Gloster*, of some price,
 Wherein we must have use of your advices :
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit
 To answer from our home ; the several messengers
 From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
 Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
 Your needful counsel to our business,
 Which craves the instant use.

GLO. I serve you, madam :
 Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Castle.*

Enter KENT, and Steward, meeting.

Ste. Good even to thee, friend : Art of the house ?

KEN. Ay.

Ste. Where may we set our horses ?

KEN. I' th' mire.

Ste. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

KEN. I love thee not.

Ste. Why, then I care not for thee.

KEN. If I had thee in *Lipbury* pinfold, I would make
 thee care for me.

Ste. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

KEN. Fellow, I know thee.

Ste. What dost thou know me for ?

KEN. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a
 base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-
 pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ; a lilly-liver'd,

§ advice,

action-taking knave; a whorson glass-gazing, super-serveable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny't the least syllable of thy addition.

Ste. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

KEN. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moon-shine of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Ste. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

KEN. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king; and take vanity, the puppet's, part, against the royalty, her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your thanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Ste. Help, ho! murther! help!

KEN. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave, strike.

Ste. Help, ho! murther, murther!

Enter EDMUND, with his Sword drawn;

CORNWAL, REGAN, GLOSTER,

and Servants.

EDM. How now? What's the matter? Part.

KEN. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

GLO. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

COR. Keep peace, upon your lives;

19 royalty of her

He dies, that strikes again : What is the matter ?

REG. The messengers from our sister and the king.

COR. What is your difference ? speak.

Ste. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KEN. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee ;
A tailor made thee.

COR. Thou art a strange fellow :
A tailor make a man ?

KEN. Ay, a tailor, sir : a stone-cutter, or a painter,
could not have made him so ill, though they had been
but two years o'the trade.

COR. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel ?

Ste. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd
At suit of his grey beard, —

KEN. Thou whorson zed ! thou unnecessary letter ! —
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this un-
bolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes
with him. — Spare my grey beard, you wag-tail ?

COR. Peace, firrah :

You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?

KEN. Yes, sir ; but anger has a priviledge.

COR. Why art thou angry ?

KEN. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrince to unloose : sooth every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to the colder moods :
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters ;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following. —

A plague upon your epileptick visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to *Camelot*.

COR. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLO. How fell you out? say that.

KEN. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

[fault?

COR. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his

KEN. His countenance likes me not.

[hers.

COR. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor

KEN. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

COR. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

KEN. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phæbus'* front,—

COR. What mean'st by this?

KEN. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that

beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

COR. What was the offence you gave him?

Ste. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
'Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KEN. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

COR. Fetch forth the stocks.—

You stubborn ancient knave, you unreverent braggart,
We'll teach you:

KEN. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

COR. Fetch forth the stocks:—

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

REG. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night too.

KEN. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REG. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

COR. This is a fellow of the self-same colour

Our sister speaks of: — Come, bring away the stocks.

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

COR. I'll answer that.

REG. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —
Come, my lord; away.

[*Exeunt COR. REG. EDM. Ste. and Ser.*]

GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rub'd, nor stopt: I'll entreat for thee. [hard;

KEN. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travel'd
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLO. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

KEN. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this † letter: — Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery: — I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;

‡ and tempest

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
 From this enormous state, seeking to give
 Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night ; smile once more, turn thy wheel !

Enter EDGAR, at a Distance.

EDG. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair with knots ;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of *Bedlam* beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatick bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity : — Poor *Turlygood* ! poor *Tom* ! —
 That's something yet ; *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

LEAR. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
 home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gen. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KEN. Hail to thee, noble master!

LEA. Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KEN. No, my lord.

Foo. Ha, ha; look, he wears crewel garters! Horfes
are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck;
monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man
is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

LEA. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

KEN. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEA. No.

KEN. Yes.

LEA. No, I say.

KEN. But I say, yea.

LEA. By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

KEN. By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

LEA. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

KEN. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth,

From *Goneril* his mistress, salutation ;
 Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
 Which presently they read : on whose contents,
 They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse ;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd so sawcily against your highness)
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew ;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers. [way.

Foo. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that
 Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind ;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from thy
 dear daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

LEA. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart !
Hysterica passio ! down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below ! — Where is this daughter ?

KEN. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEA. Follow me not, stay here. [Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence than what you speak
 of ?

KEN. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

Foo. An thou had'st been set i' the stocks for that question, thou had'st well deserv'd it.

KEN. Why, fool?

Foo. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That fir, that serves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it 'gins rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

KEN. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Foo. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

LEA. Deny to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary,

They have travel'd hard to-night? Meer fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

GLO. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fixt he is

In his own course.

LEA. Vengeance, plague, death, confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, *Gloster, Gloster*,
I'd speak with the duke of *Cornwal*, and his wife.

GLO. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEA. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLO. Ay, my good lord. [father

LEA. The king would speak with *Cornwal*; the dear
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? — My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? — Tell the hot duke, that —
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
'That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death*.

GLO. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

LEA. O me, my heart! my rising heart! — but, down.

FOO. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
eels, when she put 'em i'the paste alive; she knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons,*
down: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his

horse, butter'd his hay.

*Re-enter GLOSTER, with CORNWAL, REGAN,
and Servants.*

LEA. Good morrow to you both.

COR. Hail to your grace. [*Kent is set at Liberty.*]

REG. I am glad to see your highness.

LEA. *Regan*, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adult'refs. — O, are you free?
Some other time for that. — Beloved *Regan*,
Thy sister's naught: O *Regan*, she hath ty'd
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, † here, —
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality — O *Regan*!

REG. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

LEA. How is that?

REG. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

LEA. My curses on her!

REG. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

LEA. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

REG. Good sir, no more; these are unfightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

LEA. Never, *Regan*:

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; strook me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

COR. Fie, sir, fie.

[*mes*

LEA. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding fla-

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

O, fall, and blast her pride!

REG. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

LEA. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my seizures,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

REG. Good fir, to the purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

LEA. Who put my man i'the stocks?

COR. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

REG. I know't, my sifter's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—'s your lady come?

LEA. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight.

COR. What means your grace?

Enter GONERIL.

[hope]

LEA. Who stock'd my servant? *Regan*, I have good
Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here? O hea-
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway [vens,
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

O, *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand? [ded?]

GON. Why not by the hand, fir? How have I offen-
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

LEA. O, fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the stocks?

COR. I set him there, fir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEA. You? did you?

REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sifter,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEA. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity of the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch; — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life a-foot; — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this † detested groom.

GON. At your choice, sir.

LEA. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another: —
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*:
Mend, when thou can'st; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred knights.

REG. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —

But she knows what she does,

LEA. Is this well spoken?

REG. I dare avouch it, fir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible. [ance

GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attend-
From those that she calls servants, or from mine? [you,

REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack
We could controul them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

LEA. I gave you all;

REG. And in good time you gave it.

LEA. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, *Regan*? said you so?

REG. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

LEA. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-fa-
vour'd.

When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise: — I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

GON. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REG. What need one ?

LEA. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. — But, for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both ;
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! — No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall, — I will do such things, —
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep :
No, I'll not weep ; I have full cause of weeping ;
But This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep : — O, fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, Gentleman,
and Fool. *Storm heard at a Distance.*]

COR. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

REG. This house
Is little ; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

GON. 'Tis his own blame ; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

REG. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.

GON. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

COR. Follow'd the old man forth: — he is return'd.

GLO. The king is in high rage.

COR. Whither is he going?

GLO. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

COR. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLO. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do forely rustle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

REG. O, fir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

COR. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter KENT, and Gentleman, meeting.

KEN. What's here, beside foul weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KEN. I know you; Where's the king?

Gen. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;
 Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
 And bids what will take all.

KEN. But who is with him?

Gen. None but the fool; who labours to out-jeft
 His heart-strook injuries.

KEN. Sir, I do know you;
 And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
 Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to *France* the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state: what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have born
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
 But, true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret foot
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To shew their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain. I am a gentleman,
 Of blood and breeding; and, from some knowledge and
 Assurance of you, offer this office to you.

Gen. I will talk further with you.

KEN. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this † purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see *Cordelia*,
 (As fear not but you shall) shew her this † ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king.

Gen. Give me your hand.

Have you no more to say?

KEN. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That, when we have found the king, (in which, your pain
 That † way; I'll † this) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm still.*

Enter LEAR, and Fool.

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vant-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!

Crack nature's molds; all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

FOO. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pitties neither wise men nor fools.

LEA. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! Spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription; then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That will with two pernicious daughters join Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as † this. O, o, 'tis foul!

FOO. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece. [sings.]

*The cod-piece, that will house,
before the head as any:
the head and he shall louse;—
so beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
what he his heart should make,
shall of a corn cry, woe,
and turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

LEA. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

KEN. Who's there?

FOO. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's, a wise man, and a fool.

KEN. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

LEA. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life; Close-pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man,
More sin'd against, than sinning.

KEN. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

LEA. My wits begin to turn. —

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Foo. *He that has a little tiny wit,—* [*sings.*
 with hey, ho, the wind and the rain—
 must make content with his fortunes fit;
 for the rain it raineth every day.

LEA. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
 hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR, and KENT.*

Foo. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
 When priests are more in word than matter;
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
 No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
 When every case in law is right;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
 When flanders do not live in tongues;
 Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i'the field;
 And bawds, and whores, do churches build;—
 Then shall the realm of *Albion*
 Come to great confusion:—
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.
 This prophecy *Merlin* shall make;
 For I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

GLO. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, intreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

EDM. Most savage, and unnatural!

GLO. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king; I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed: if I dye for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

EDM. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too: — This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Heath;*
a Hovel upon it. Storm still. Enter KENT,
LEAR, and Fool.

KEN. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
 The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 For nature to endure.

LEA. Let me alone.

KEN. Good my lord, enter here.

LEA. Wilt break my heart?

KEN. I had rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter. [storm]

LEA. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, [free,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't? — But I will punish home: —
No, I will weep no more. — In such a night
To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
In such a night as this! O *Regan, Goneril*,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, —
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,

KEN. Good my lord, enter here.

LEA. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in: —
In, boy; go first. — You houseless poverty, — [sleep. —
Nay, get thee in. [*Exit Fool.*] I'll pray, and then I'll
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens more just. [Poor Tom!]

EDG. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half:
 Fool runs out from the Hovel.

FOO. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit; help
 me, help me!

KEN. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

FOO. A spirit, a spirit; he says, his name's poor Tom.

KEN. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the
 Come forth. [straw?]

Enter EDGAR, disguis'd like a Madman.

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —

Through the sharp hauthorn blows the cold wind. —
 Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

LEA. Did'st thou give all to thy daughters? And art
 thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the
 foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,
 through ford and whirl-pool, over bog and quag-mire;
 that hath lay'd knives under his pillow, and halters in
 his pue; set rats-bane by his porridge; made him
 proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over
 four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a
 traitor: — Bless thy five wits! Tom's a cold: O, do, de, de,
 do, do, do: Bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting,
 and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul
 fiend vexes: There could I have him now, and there,
 and there again, and there. [pass? —]

LEA. What, have his daughters brought him to this

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Foo. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEA. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

KEN. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEA. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

EDG. *Pilicock* sat on *Pilicock* hill; — Haloo, loo, loo.

Foo. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDG. Take heed of the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: — *Tom's* a-cold.

LEA. What hast thou been?

EDG. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept on the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creeping of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor

heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hauthorn blows the cold wind. — Ha! *nenni*; dolphin, my boy, my boy, *seffe*; let him trot by.

LEA. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume: — Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! — Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings; — come, unbutton here. [*tearing off his Cloaths*; Kent and the Fool strive to hinder him.

Foo. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. — Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of's body cold. — Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

EDG. This is the foul fiend *Flibberdegibbet*: he begins at curfeu, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

St *Withold* footed thrice the wold;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KEN. How fares your grace?

LEA. What's he?

KEN. Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor *Tom*; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tad-pole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been *Tom's* food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, *Smolkin*; peace, thou fiend.

GLO. What, hath your grace no better company?

EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and *Mabu*.

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

EDG. Poor *Tom's* a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEA. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

KEN. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

LEA. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*:—
What is your study?

EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

LEA. Let me ask you one word in private.

KEN. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

GLO. Can'st thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death: — Ah, that good *Kent*!
He said, it would be thus: Poor banish'd man! —
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood, he fought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend, —
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this? —
I do beseech your grace, —

LEA. O, cry you mercy: —
Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG. *Tom's* a-cold.

GLO. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

LEA. Come, let's in all.

KEN. This way, my lord.

LEA. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher. [low.

KEN. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fel-

GLO. Take him you on.

KEN. On, sirrah; go with us.

LEA. Come, good *Athenian*.

GLO. No words, no words; hush.

EDG. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower come,

+++++

His word was still, — *Fie, fo, and fum,*

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter CORNWAL, and EDMUND.*

COR. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

COR. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a'work by a reproveable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This † is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

COR. Go with me to the dutchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

COR. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of *Gloster*. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM. "If I find him comforting the king, it will" "stuff his suspicion more fully." — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

COR. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE VI. *A Room in some of the out-buildings of the Castle.* *Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.*

GLO. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KEN. All the power of his wits hath given way to his impatience: The gods reward your kindness!

[Exit GLOSTER.]

EDG. *Frateretto* calls me; and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOO. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

LEA. A king, a king.

FOO. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEA. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.

FOO. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEA. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [to Edgar.
Thou, sapient sir, [to the Fool.] sit here.—Now, you she
foxes!

EDG. Look, where he stands and glares! — Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam? —

Come o'er the boorne, Bessy, to me: [singing.

FOO. *Her boat hath a leak,*

and she must not speak

why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hop-dance* cries in Tom's belly for two white

herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

KEN. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd :
Will you lye down and rest upon the cushions ?

LEA. I'll see their trial first ;—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, [*to Edg.*] take thy place ;—
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*to the Fool.*]
Bench by his side :—you are of the commission, [*to Kent.*]
Sit you too.

EDG. Let us deal justly. [*sings.*]

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
thy sheep be in the corn ;
and for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur ! the cat is grey.

LEA. Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here take my
oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the
poor king her father.

FOO. Come hither, mistress ; Is your name Goneril ?

LEA. She cannot deny it.

FOO. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEA. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on : — Stop her there !
Arms, arms, sword, fire ! Corruption in the place ! —
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

EDG. Bless thy five wits !

KEN. O pity ! — Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

EDG. "My tears begin to take his part so much,"
"They'll mar my counterfeiting."

LEA. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDG. *Tom* will throw his head at them : — Avaunt,

you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym,
Or bob-tail tight, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, do, de, de, &c. [singing.]

Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns:—
“Poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.”

LEA. Then let them anatomize *Regan*, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts? — You, sir, [*to Edg.*] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are *Persian*; but let them be chang’d.

KEN. Now, good my lord, lye here, and rest a while.

[pointing to a mean Couch.]

LEA. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains; so, so, so: We’ll go to supper in the morning: So, so, so.

Foo. And I’ll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

[master?]

GLO. Come hither, friend; Where is the king my

KEN. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLO. Good friend, I pr’ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o’er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in’t,
And drive toward *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

KEN. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
 Thou [*to the Fool.*] must not stay behind.

GLO. Come, come, away. [*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER,
 and the Fool, bearing off LEAR.*]

EDG. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
 He childed, as I father'd!—*Tom*, away:
 Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night?—Safe 'scape the king!—
 Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter CORNWAL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
 and Servants.

COR. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew
 him this † letter: the army of *France* is landed:—Seek

out the villain *Gloster*. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

REG. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

COR. Leave him to my displeasure. — *Edmund*, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift in intelligence betwixt us. — Farewel, dear sister; — farewel, my lord of *Gloster*. —

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Ste. My lord of *Gloster* hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrifts after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards *Dover*; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

COR. Get horses for your mistrefs.

GON. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and Steward.*

COR. *Edmund*, farewel. — Go, seek the traitor *Gloster*, Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controul.—Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER, Prisoner.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

COR. Bind fast his corky arms. [*consider*

GLO. What mean your graces? — Good my friends,

2 swift and in—

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

COR. Bind him, I say.

REG. Hard, hard : — O filthy traitor !

GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none. [*find*—

COR. To this chair bind him : — Villain, thou shalt

GLO. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor !

GLO. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host ;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

COR. Come, sir, what letters had you late from *France* ?

REG. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

COR. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom ? [*king* ?

REG. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
Speak.

GLO. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

COR. Cunning.

REG. And false.

COR. Where hast thou sent the king ?

GLO. To *Dover*.

REG. Wherefore to *Dover* ?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril ? —

COR. Wherefore to *Dover* ? —

Let him first answer that.

GLO. I am ty'd to the stake,
And I must stand the course.

REG. Wherefore to *Dover*?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rage.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that dearn time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key:*
All cruels else subscrib'd: — But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children. [chair:—

COR. See it shalt thou never: — Fellows, hold the
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down in his Chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his Eyes, and stamps on it.*

GLO. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

REG. One side will mock another; th' other too.

COR. If you see vengeance,—

1. S. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog?

1. S. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

COR. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*

1. S. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws too, and they fight.*

REG. Give me thy sword;—A peasant stand up thus!
[*snatches a sword from an Att: and stabs him.*

1. S. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [dies.]

COR. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

[dashing Gloster's other Eye to the Ground.]

Where is thy lustre now? [mund?]

GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son *Edmund*,
enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REG. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to *Dover*.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

COR. I have receiv'd a hurt: Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—*Regan*, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[Exeunt CORNWAL, and REGAN. Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.]

2. S. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

3. S. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

2. S. Let's follow the old earl, and get the *Bedlam*
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

3. S. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
 [Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
 The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
 The lamentable change is from the best;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, and an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, o world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us wait thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

o. m. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and
 your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

GLO. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

o. m. You cannot see your way.

GLO. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
 I stumbl'd when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our mean secures us; and our meer defects
 Prove our commodities. Ah, dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath!

10 flattered to be 11 lowest and most
 20 make us hate thee 30 meanes secure

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again.

o. m. How now? Who's there?

EDG. "O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*"
"I am worse than e'er I was:"

o. m. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

EDG. "And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,"
"So long as we can say, *This is the worst*."

o. m. Fellow, where goest?

GLO. Is it a beggar-man?

o. m. Madman and beggar too.

GLO. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind [since:
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

EDG. "How should this be?—"

"Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,"

"Ang'ring itself and others."—Bless thee, master!

GLO. Is that the naked fellow?

o. m. Ay, my lord.

GLO. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'er-take us, hence a mile or twain,
I'the way towards *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

o. m. Alack, sir, he is mad. [blind:

GLO. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

o. m. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit old Man.]

GLO. Sirrah, naked fellow, —

EDG. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold. — "I cannot daub it further."

GLO. Come hither, fellow. [bleed.]

EDG. "And yet I must." — Bless thy sweet eyes! they

GLO. Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless
thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends
have been in poor *Tom* in once: of lust, as *Obidicut*;
Hobbididdance, prince of darkness; *Mabu*, of stealing;
Modo, of murder; *Flibberdegibbet*, of mopping and mow-
ing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-
women. So, bless thee, master! [ven's plagues]

GLO. Here, take this † purse, thou whom the hea-
Have humbl'd to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieting man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know *Dover*?

EDG. Ay, master.

GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

EDG. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and EDMUND; Steward
meeting them.

GON. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way: — Now, where's your master?

Ste. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of *Gloster's* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out: —
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

GON. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowl'd terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tye him to an answer: Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear † this; spare speech;
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air; —
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.

GON. My most dear *Gloster*! [Exit EDMUND.
O, the strange difference of man and man! —

To thee a woman's services are due ;
My fool usurps my body.

Ste. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistle.

ALB. O *Goneril*,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns it's origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will fliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

GON. No more ; the text is foolish.

ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths favour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverend head the rugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

GON. Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?

¹⁹ reverence the head-lug'd Beare ²² benefited

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats;
 While thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack, why does he so?

ALB. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

GON. O vain fool!

[shame

ALB. Thou chang'd and self-converted thing, for
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my boiling blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones: Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON. Marry, your manhood now,—

Enter a Messenger.

ALB. What news?

Mef. O my good lord, the duke of *Cornwall's* dead;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of *Gloster*.

ALB. *Gloster's* eyes!

Mef. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and among't them fell'd him dead:
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

ALB. This shews you are above,
 You justices, that these our nether crimes
 So speedily can venge. — But, o poor *Gloster*!
 Lost he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my lord. —

This † letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sifter.

GON. "One way I like this well ;"

"But being widow, and my *Gloster* with her,"

"May all the building in my fancy pluck"

"Upon my hateful life : Another way,"

"The news is not so tart."—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

ALB. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

ALB. He's not here

Mef. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

ALB. Knows he the wickedness? [him ;

Mef. Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd against
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

ALB. *Gloster*, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. French Camp, under Dover.

Enter KENT, and Gentleman.

KEN. The king of *France* so suddenly gone back !
Know you the reason ?

Gen. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

KEN. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gen. The mareschal of *France*, monsieur le Fer.

KEN. Tell ; say, sir, did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of her grief?

²³ v. Note. ²⁸ his personall returne ³⁰ la Fer.

Gen. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

KEN. O, then it mov'd her.

Gen. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once? Her smiles and tears
Were like a wetter *May*: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, sir, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

KEN. Made she no verbal question? [father

Gen. Yes; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart:
Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters! shame of ladies! sisters!*

KEN. Father. Sisters.

Gen. *What, i' the storm? i' the night?*
Let it not be believed: There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started,
To deal with grief alone.

KEN. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gen. No.

KEN. Was this before the king return'd?

Gen. No, since.

¹⁰ a better way, ²² Let pity not ²⁴ moistened her, then

KEN. Well, sir; The poor distressed *Lear* is i'the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gen. Why, good sir? [kindness,

KEN. A sovereign shame so bows him: his own un-
'That strip'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from *Cordelia*.

Gen. Alack, poor gentleman! [not?

KEN. Of *Albany's* and *Cornwall's* powers you heard

Gen. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

KEN. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray you, along with me.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, attended; Physician,
Officers, Guards, &c.

COR. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. — [to an Officer, who goes out.
What can man's wisdom do, in the restoring

6 so elbows 12 I pray you go along 26 femiter 27 hor-docks

Of his bereaved sense? He, that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam :
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress ! — Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam ;
The *British* powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great *France*
My mourning, and importunate tears, hath pity'd :
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
Soon may I hear, and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN, and Steward.

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Ste. Ay, madam.

REG. Himself

In person there ?

Ste. Madam, with much ado :

21 importun'd

Your sister is the better soldier.

REG. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lord at home?

Ste. No, madam.

REG. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Ste. I know not, lady.

REG. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, *Gloster's* eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Ste. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

REG. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Ste. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

REG. Why should she write to *Edmund*? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something; I know not what: — I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Ste. Madam, I had rather —

REG. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange *oeillades*, and most speaking looks,
To noble *Edmund*: I know, you are of her bosom.

Ste. I, madam?

REG. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: — You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him \mp this ;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Perferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Ste. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I would shew
 What party I do follow.

REG. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. Fields near Dover.

*Enter EDGAR, habited like a Peasant,
 and GLOSTER.*

GLO. When shall I come to the top of that same hill ?

EDG. You do climb up it now : look, how we labour.

GLO. Methinks, the ground is even.

EDG. Horrible steep :

Hark, hark ; do you not hear the sea ?

GLO. No, truly.

EDG. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
 By your eyes' anguish.

GLO. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st
 With better phrase, and matter, than thou did'st.

EDG. You're much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd
 But in my garments.

GLO. Methinks, you are better spoken. [How fearful]

EDG. Come on, sir ; here's the place : — stand still ; —
 And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low ?
 The crows, and coughs, that wing the midway air,
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers sampire ; dreadful trade !

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

GLO. Set me where you stand.

EDG. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
 Of the extream verge: for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap out-right.

GLO. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another † purse; in it, a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off,
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG. Now fare you well, good fir.

GLO. With all my heart.

EDG. "Why do I trifle thus with his despair?"
 "'Tis done to cure it."

GLO. O you mighty gods,
 This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
 Burn itself out. If *Edgar* live, o, blefs him! —
 Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[throws himself forward, and falls.]

EDG. Good fir, farewell.

"And yet I know not how conceit may rob"

"The treasury of life, when life itself"

"Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,"

"By this, thought had been past." Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir, you sir, friend! Hear you, sir? Speak:

"Thus might he pass indeed: Yet he revives:"

What are you, sir?

GLO. Away, and let me dye. [air,

EDG. Had'st thou been ought but gossemeer, feathers,
So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breath;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts attach'd make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

GLO. But have I fallen, or no?

EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen, or heard: do but look up.

GLO. Alack, I have no eyes. —

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

EDG. Give me your arm:

Up: — So; How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

GLO. Too well, too well.

EDG. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes

Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea ;
It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

GLO. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, dye. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend : he led me to that place. [here ?

EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dress'd up
with Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

LEA. No, they cannot touch me for coining ; I am
the king himself.

EDG. "O thou side-piercing sight!"

LEA. Nature's above art in that respect. — There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper : draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look,
a mouse ! Peace, peace ; this piece of toasted cheese will
do't. — There's my gauntlet ; I'll prove it on a giant. —
Bring up the brown bills. — O, well flown, bird ! — I'the
clout, i'the clout ; hewgh ! — Give the word.

EDG. Sweet marjerom.

LEA. Pass.

GLO. I know that voice.

LEA. Ha ! *Goneril* with a white beard ! — They flat-
ter'd me like a dog ; and told me, I had white hairs in
my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say, *ay*,
and *no*, to every thing I said ! *Ay* and *no* too was no

good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men of their words: they told me, I was every thing; 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

GLO. The trick of that voice I do well remember; Is't not the king?

LEA. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause? —
Adultery. —

Thou shalt not dye: Dye for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does letcher in my sight. Let copulation thrive:
For *Gloster's* bastard son was kinder to his father,
Than were my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. —
Behold yon' simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks prefageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchow, nor the soyled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waste they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption; — Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah! Give me an ounce
of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination;
there's money for thee.

thy cause

GLO. O, let me kiss that hand !

LEA. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

GLO. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

LEA. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squint at me ? No, do thy worst, blind *Cupid* ; I'll not
love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning
of it.

GLO. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

EDG. " I would not take this from report ; it is,"
" And my heart breaks at it. "

LEA. Read.

GLO. What, with this case of eyes ?

LEA. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your
head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a
heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet you see how this
world goes ?

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEA. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world
goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yon'
justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear :
Change places ; and, handy-dandy, Which is the justice,
which is the thief ?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark
at a beggar ?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEA. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou
might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog's
obey'd in office. —

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :

Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind [zener.

For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the co-

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ;
 Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all. Plate fins with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em :
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now :
 Pull off my boots ; harder, harder ; so.

EDG. “O, matter and impertinency mixt ;”
 “Reason in madness !”

LEA. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough ; thy name is *Gloster* :
 Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wail, and cry :—I will preach to thee ; mark me.

GLO. Alack, alack the day !

LEA. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools ;—This a good block ?—
 It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
 And when I have stoln upon these son-in laws,
 Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter Gentleman, and Attendants of
 Cordelia ; and Guard.*

Gen. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
 Your most dear daughter—

LEA. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
 The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
 You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
 I am cut to the brains.

Gen. You shall have any thing.

LEA. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt;
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
And laying autumn's dust. — I will dye bravely,
Like a smug bride-groom: What; I will be jovial:
Come, come;

I am a king, my masters; Know you that?

Gen. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEA. Then there's life in't. — Nay, an you get it, you
shall get it with running. Sa, fa, fa, fa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants and Guard follow.*]

Gen. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king! — Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

EDG. Hail, gentle sir.

Gen. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

EDG. Do you hear ought, sir, of a battle toward?

Gen. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

EDG. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gen. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

EDG. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gen. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

EDG. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gentleman.]

GLO. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To dye before you please!

EDG. Well pray you, father.

GLO. Now, good fir, what are you?

EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

GLO. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Ste. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out,
That must destroy thee.

GLO. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

Ste. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDG. Ch'ill not
Let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Ste. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

EDG. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor
volk pass: an ch'ud have been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not have been zo long as 'tis by a vort-
night: Nay, come not near the old man; keep out,
che 'vore ye, or iz try whether your costard or my bat
be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Ste. Out, dunghill!

EDG. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: come,

No matter vor your foins

[*They fight; and Edg. knocks him down.*]

Ste. Slave, thou hast slain me : Villain, take my purse :
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund* earl of *Gloster* ; seek him out
Upon the *British* party : —
O, untimely death, death, —

[*dies.*]

EDG. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

GLO. What, is he dead ?

EDG. Sit you down, father ; rest you. —

[*seating him at a Distance.*]

Let's see these pockets : the letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends. — He's dead ; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. — Let us see :
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You
have many opportunities to cut him off : if your will want
not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is
nothing done, if he return the conqueror ; then am I
the prisoner, and his bed my jail : from the loath'd
quarrel whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
your labour.*

*Your Wife, (so I would say ;) and your
affectionate Servant,* Goneril.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will ! —
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
And the exchange, my brother ! — Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctify'd
Of murderous letchers : and, in the mature time,
With this † ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke : For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.]

GLO. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exit, leading out GLOSTER.]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp. A Tent.*

LEAR, upon a Bed, asleep ; Physician, Gentleman,
and Others, attending : Enter KENT,
and CORDELIA.

COR. O thou good Kent !
How shall I live, and work, to match thy goodness ?
My life will be too short, and every measure fail me.

KEN. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-pay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

COR. Be better suited :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

KEN. Pardon, dear madam ;

Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

COR. Then be it so, my lord. —

How does the king? *[going towards the Bed.]*

Gen. Madam, sleeps still.

COR Kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, o, wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Phy. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

COR. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Gen. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phy. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

COR. Very well. *[there.]*

Phy. Please you, draw near. — Louder, the musick

COR. O my dear father! — Restauration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this † kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

KEN. Kind and dear princess !

COR. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ;
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross light'ning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? Mine injurer's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Phy. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest. [jesty?

COR. How does my royal lord? How fares your ma-

LEA. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

COR. Sir, do you know me?

LEA. You are a spirit, I know: When did you dye?

COR. Still, still, far wide!

Phy. He's scarce awake; let him alone a while.

LEA. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?—

I am mightily abus'd. — I should even dye with pity,
To see another thus. — I know not what to say.
I will not swear, these are my hands: Let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

COR. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me: —
No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEA. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;
Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is ; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me,
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child *Cordelia*.

COR. And so I am, I am.

LEA. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not :
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know, you do not love me ; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
 You have some cause, they have not.

COR. No cause, no cause.

LEA. Am I in *France*?

KEN. In your own kingdom, sir.

LEA. Do not abuse me.

Phy. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
 You see, is cur'd in him ; and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost :
 Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
 'Till further settling.

COR. Wilt please your highness walk?

LEA. You must bear with me :

Pray you now, forget and forgive ; I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt COR. LEA. Phy. and Attendants.*]

Gen. Holds it true, sir,
 The duke of *Cornwall* was so slain?

KEN. Most certain, sir.

Gen. Who is conductor of his people?

KEN. 'Tis said,

The bastard son of *Gloster*.

Gen. They say, *Edgar*,

27 that the 30 As tis

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

KEN. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gen. And the arbitrement
Is like to be most bloody. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

KEN. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN;
Officers, and Others, attending.*

EDM. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[to an Officer; who bows, and goes out.

REG. Our sifter's man is certainly miscarry'd.

EDM. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REG. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sifter?

EDM. In honour'd love.

REG. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

EDM. That thought abuses you.

REG. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

EDM. Fear me not : —

She, and the duke her husband, —

Enter, with Drum and Colours, attended,

ALBANY, and GONERIL.

GON. "I had rather lose the battle, than that sister"
"Should loosen him and me."

ALB. Our very loving sister, well be met. —
Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as *France* invades our land,
Not holds for the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.

REG. Why is this reason'd ?

GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not to question here.

ALB. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

EDM. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REG. Sister, you'll go with us ?

GON. No.

REG. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

GON. "O, ho, I know the riddle : " I will go.

*[As they are going out, and Albany last,
Enter EDGAR.]*

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

ALB. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

¹⁴ Not holds the

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. Off. and Att.*]

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this † letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

ALB. Stay, 'till I have read the letter.

EDG. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

ALB. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'er-look thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here † is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ; — but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

ALB. We will greet the time. [*Exit ALBANY.*]

EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Goneril* ;
And hardly shall I carry out my fide,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*, —
The battle done, and they within our power,

Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Field between the Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours,
Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces ; and Exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR, and GLOSTER.

EDG. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLO. Grace go with you, sir ! [Exit EDGAR.

Loud Alarums ; afterwards, a Retreat.

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en ;
Give me thy hand, come on.

GLO. No farther, sir ; a man may rot even here.

EDG. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all : Come on.

GLO. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The British Camp under Dover.*

Flourish. Enter, as from Conquest, EDMUND ;

LEAR, and CORDELIA, Prisoners ;

Officers, Soldiers, &c.

EDM. Some officers take them away : good guard ;
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

COR. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown. —
 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

LEA. No, no, no, no ; come, let's away to prison :
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too, —
 Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ; —
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies : And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM. Take them away.

LEA. Upon such sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
 'The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?
 He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;
 The gouters shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*

EDM. Come hither, captain ; hark.
 Take thou this † note ; go, follow them to prison :
 One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes : Know thou this, — that men
 Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword : — Thy great employment
 Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

† The good yeares shall

Off. I'll do't, my lord. [done.]

EDM. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down. [*Exit Officer.*]

*Flourish. Enter ALBANY, REGAN, GONERIL,
Officers, and Attendants.*

ALB. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

EDM. Sir, I thought fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready,
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of *Cordelia*, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

ALB. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REG. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

'3 thought it fit

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

GON. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

REG. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

GON. That were the most, if he should husband you.

REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON. Hola, hola !
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

REG. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. — General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

GON. Mean you to enjoy him ?

ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

EDM. Nor in thine, lord.

ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

ALB. Stay yet ; hear reason : — *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent : — for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

GON. An interlude! [found:—

ALB. Thou art arm'd, *Gloster*:— Let the trumpet
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There † is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REG. Sick, o, sick!

GON. "If not, I'll ne'er trust poison."

EDM. There's † my exchange: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

ALB. A herald, ho.

EDM. A herald, ho, a herald.

ALB. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levy'd in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

REG. My sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

ALB. She is not well, convey her to my tent.—

[Exit REGAN, led.]

Come hither, herald,— Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out † this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[a Trumpet sounds.]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund, suppos'd earl
of Glo'ster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-
pear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his
defence.*

EDM. Sound.

1. *Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

2. *Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

3. *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, arm'd.

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

EDG. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

ALB. Which is that adversary?

EDG. What's he, that speaks for *Edmund* earl of *Gloster*?

EDM. Himself; What say'st thou to him?

EDG. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here † is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of my tongue,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, —
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor:
False to the gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspire 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extreamest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou ly'st.

EDM. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breaths,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lye o'er-whelm thy heart;
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way
Where they shall rest for ever. — Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

ALB. Save him, sir, save him.

GON. This is practice, *Gloster*:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this † paper shall I stop it: — Hold, sir: —
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

GON. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

ALB. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

GON. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit GONERIL.*]

ALB. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

[*to an Officer, who goes out after her.*]

EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee.

EDG. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

EDM. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle, I am † here.

ALB. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father!

EDG. Worthy prince,

I know it well.

ALB. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

EDG. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—

And, when 'tis told, o that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!

That we the pain of death would hourly dye,

Rather than dye at once!) taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,

Led him, beg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never (o fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

EDM. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on,
You look as you had something more to say.

ALB. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

EDG. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but, another;
(To amplify too-much, to make much more,
And top extremity,)
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shun'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranç'd.

ALB. But who was this?

EDG. *Kent*, sir, the banish'd *Kent*; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Re-enter Officer hastily, with a bloody Knife.

¹⁵ too much | Would make ²² threw me on

Off. Help, help, o, help !

EDG. What kind of help ?

ALB. Speak, man.

EDG. What means that bloody knife ?

Off. It's hot, it smokes,

It came even from the heart of—

ALB. Who, man ? speak.

Off. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

EDM. I was contracted to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

EDG. Here comes *Kent*, sir.

Enter KENT.

ALB. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.—O, 'tis he :
The time will not allow the compliment
That very manners urges.

KEN. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night ;
Is he not here ?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot !—
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the king, and where's *Cordelia*?—
See'st thou this object, *Kent* ?

[The Bodies of Reg. and Gon. are brought in.]

KEN. Alack, why thus ?

EDM. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself

ALB. Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDM. I pant for life,—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,

Be brief in it, to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia* :
Nay, send in time.

ALB. Run, run, o, run, —

EDG. To who, my lord ? — Who has the office ? send
Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on ; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

ALB. Haste thee for thy life.

[*Exeunt EDGAR, and Others.*]

EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

ALB. The gods defend her ! — Bear him hence a while.

[*EDMUND is born off.*]

Enter LEAR, with Cordelia in his Arms :

EDGAR, and the rest, return. [stones ;

LEA. Howl, howl, howl, howl ! O, you are men of
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so [ever ! —
That heaven's vault should crack : — O, she is gone for
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth : — Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

KEN. Is this the promis'd end ?

EDG. O image of that horror !

ALB. Fall, and cease !

LEA. This feather stirs ; She lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KEN. O my good master !

[*kneels.*]

LEA. Pr'ythee, away.

EDG. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

LEA. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever ! —
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, stay a little.

Ha ! What is't thou say'st ? — Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman : —
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEA. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none o'the best : I'll tell you straight.

KEN. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

LEA. This sight of mine
Is a dull sight : Are you not *Kent* ?

KEN. The same ;
Your servant *Kent* : Where is your servant *Caius* ?

LEA. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;
He'll strike, and quickly too : — He's dead and rotten.

KEN. No, my good lord ; I am the very man :

LEA. I'll see that straight.

KEN. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

LEA. You are welcome hither. [deadly. —

KEN. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, and
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

LEA. Ay, so I think.

ALB. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

EDG. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALB. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: — You, to your rights;
With boot and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. — All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

LEA. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more!
Never, never, never, never, never! —
Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir. —
Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there!

[*dies.*]

EDG. He faints; — My lord, my lord; —

KEN. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break.

EDG. Look up, my lord.

KEN. Vex not his ghost: o, let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

EDG. He is gone, indeed.

KEN. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

ALB. Bear them from hence. —

Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

KEN. I have a journey, fir, shortly to go ;
My matter calls me, I must not say, no.

ALB. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest have born most : we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead March.]
